

The **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*



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...Raised His Pay \$4800* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now **FREE!**

*Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, L. D. Mathers, E. Cleveland, Ohio, and many others.



Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.



Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really COUNTED in the business and social world!



Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the GOOD things of life every man DESERVES for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.



Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made \$200 a week—and Jenkins \$275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.



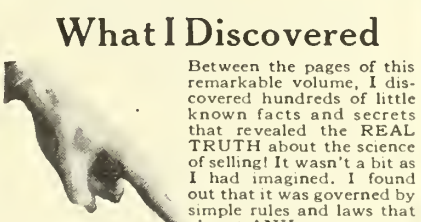
A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making \$525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!



The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "The MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED." It wasn't a very big book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never dreamed of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!



What I Discovered

Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the REAL TRUTH about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions". I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his \$8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making \$125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from \$15 a week to \$7500 a year—these and hundreds of others! It certainly was a revelation!



FREE Employment Service

Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for more than 50,000 salesmen trained by their method. This service is FREE to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way!



Making Good At Last!

It didn't take me long to decide to cast my lot with N. S. T. A.—and after a few weeks I had mastered the secrets of Modern Salesmanship during spare time, without losing a day or a dollar from my old job. When I was ready, the Employment Manager found me over a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over \$70 a week to start!



Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is \$4800 greater than ever before! No more punching time clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! NOW my services are in REAL DEMAND with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared HOPE for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a pay-roll!



Get Your Copy Free

Right now this book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which showed these men how to get started on the road to success and independence, will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man—absolutely free and without obligation. Why not see for yourself what amazing pay-raising secrets it contains? There is no better way to invest a 2c stamp.



Mail It Today!

Simply fill out coupon below and mail to National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. H-23, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Name

Address

Town State

Age Occupation



The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*

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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

NEBRASKA: The 37th State, admitted to the Union March 1, 1867. The United States acquired it in the Louisiana Purchase, made it a part of the Louisiana territory and later of Missouri. Under the Missouri Compromise of March 3, 1820, slavery was prohibited, but the institution was made optional by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854. It provided that the inhabitants of the two newly-created territories could vote on the question of whether they should come into the Union as free or slave States. This led to warfare between the rival factions. On June 10, 1862, the territory prohibited slavery and five years later was admitted as a free State. Population, 1800, 28,841; 1928 (U. S. est.), 1,408,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 23.7; 1910, 26.1; 1920, 31.3. Area, 77,520 sq. miles. Density of population

(1920 U. S. Census), 16.0 per sq. mile. Rank among States: 31st in population, 15th in area, 37th in density. Capital, Lincoln (1928 U. S. est.), 71,100. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Omaha, 222,800; Lincoln; Grand Island, 13,947. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$5,320,075,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), slaughtering and meat packing products, \$170,455,827; butter, \$35,051,030; flour and meal, \$23,403,312; all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$510,730,000, the leaders being corn, wheat, oats and beet sugar. Nebraska had 57,004 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1867, "Equality Before the Law." Origin of name: One version is that the Omaha Indians called the Platte, the "wide river" or Nebraska; another, it is an Indian term for "water valley." Nickname: Cornhusker.



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The Day-Dreamer

Will he ever wake up?

HIS life is made up of rosy visions.

He sees himself in a manager's office—as the president of a firm—with a \$20,000 salary—perhaps even as a millionaire with a Rolls Royce, a rakish yacht and a swell country estate.

But all this grandeur is in his day dreams. He lives in the golden **PARADISE OF TOMORROW**—and it never comes.

He does nothing with the opportunities that surround him **TODAY**.

He feels above his present job. He is always "going to find a place where his abilities will be appreciated." But he **NEVER DOES**.

He is the despair of his employers, for they know that he **REALLY HAS ABILITY**. He can plan with intelligence, he has original ideas, imagination. If he could only concentrate on today, instead of **TOMORROW**, he might have all the prosperity he craves!

What he needs is a **STICK OF DYNAMITE**—anything to wake him up and teach him to get results from his abilities **NOW**.

If he doesn't give himself a rousing jolt, he will complain more and more of not being "appreciated"—and gradually "peter out" into a failure—A **JOB COWARD**—a cog in a business machine.

He will always be somebody else's servant, instead of master of his own destiny.

How does he get into such a mental state? Because he uses only about **ONE-TENTH** of his mental energies in doing the vital things that count. Psychologists have proved that most of us use **NINE-TENTHS** of our brain power in day-dreaming, fortune-wishing, aimless time-killing. We are nearly all victims of the vicious habit of living far below our God-given endowments!

It doesn't help to learn that certain of your mental abilities have become **WEAK THROUGH DISUSE**, just as unused muscles do. Nobody knows better than you (if you are honest with yourself) that there must be a "screw loose somewhere." The proof of it is that you have failed to reach the high mark you **ONCE** set for yourself.

You admit it. What you want to know is, **WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT?**

There is one very simple thing that you **CAN** do—now. You can find out what Pelmanism has done for 700,000 men and women, some of whom were facing **THE VERY SAME DISSATISFACTION** with their attainments that you are feeling. Pelmanism developed the mental powers they lacked—it replaced procrastination with "do it now" efficiency; it put concentration in the place of mind-wandering; it substituted self-confidence for self-distrust. You will learn how Pelmanism has often awakened abilities which the individuals did not **DREAM** they possessed!

Since Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, it brings **SELF-REALIZATION** to all classes and conditions of men and women—prominent and famous as well as obscure and unknown. And among the better known persons who use and advocate it are:

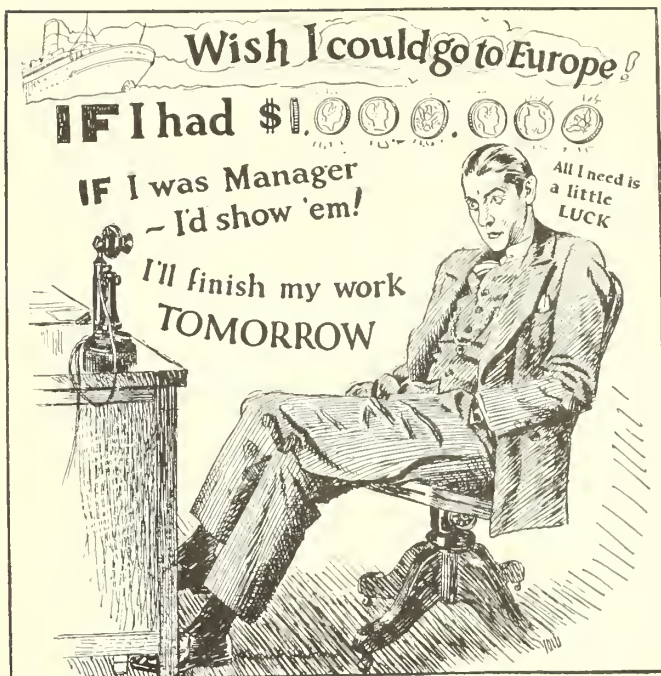
The late Hon. T. P. O'Connor, "The Father of the House of Commons"

General Sir Robert Baden Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement

Edgar Wallace, Well-known Author and Playwright.

Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of the National War Labor Board

The late Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist



General Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian

W. L. George, Author

Baroness Orczy, Author

Prince Charles of Sweden

—and hundreds of others of equal prominence.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind-Training" has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE**. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they will use their **HEADS**, they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record with 700,000 different individuals, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to keep on "putting off" all the good things of life—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something radical in your life. You cannot make just an ordinary move, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF**. Don't put it off. Mail the coupon below now—now, while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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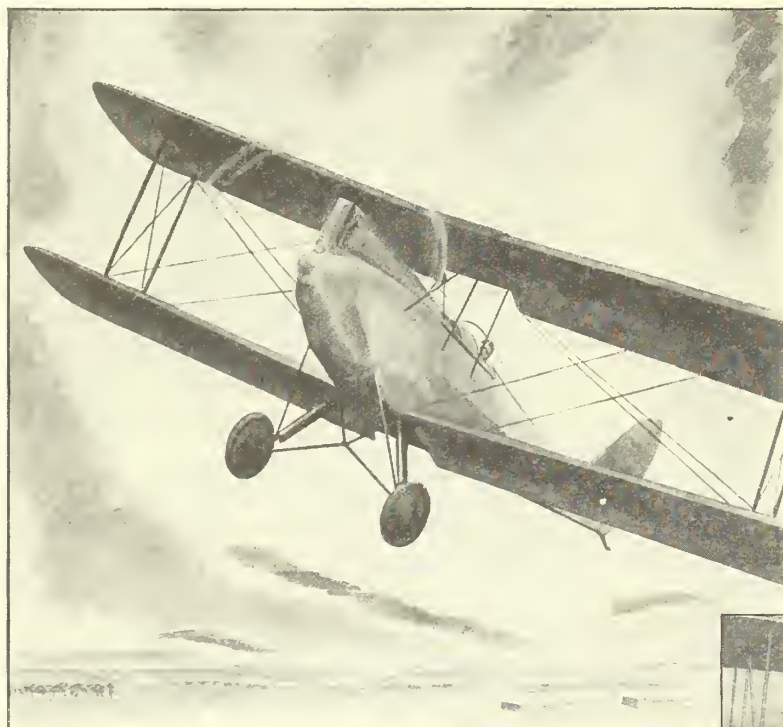
I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 700,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

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Robertson, St. Louis County, Missouri

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Robertson (St. Louis County), Missouri

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HAITI



National Palace at Port au Prince, residence of the presidents of Haiti, which was completed under the American occupation. Below: Women from the interior marketing their produce in the capital

THE yellow walls of the barrack square at Petionville seemed to quiver under the rays of the tropical sun, which we were waiting upon to get in its best licks before taking the trail. Frank Webster scanned the slate-colored cloud that boiled down the lumpy green slope of the mountain half a mile above us.

"Two-thirty now," he said. "That might mean rain across the ridge by five. In which case it would be just as well to have our spurs under the table of Monsieur Derieux, so let's shove off."

Dr. Webster slung his saddle bags in place and mounted. The little buckskin stallion was off at the easy trot that Haitian horses take if they can find three yards of trail that by any exercise of the imagination can be called level. Dr. Webster's Bob is about the best horse in Haiti—if you ask Dr. Webster. But if you ask Tex Rogers, the aviator, Professor Arndt, the botanist, whose bachelor quarters at Fond des Negres are fifty miles from the habitation of the nearest white man or, I suppose, General Russell, the High Commissioner, who lives in a Caribbean version of a château in Port au Prince, you may get a different answer. Their mounts are the best in Haiti—a place where one learns to respect his horse.

Dr. Webster was going as far as Kenskoff by the new trail, as they say, meaning the roughed-out bed of the road which the occupation is cutting through the mountains that rise directly back of Port au Prince. White men have gazed at these mountains under a variety of circumstances during the past two hundred years, but seldom penetrated them until a year ago, when the Navy doctors began their monthly calls to Trou Cou-cou.

The new trail's first spiral on the seaward side reveals the Port, as Haitians call their capital, a white mosaic a thousand feet below. Port au Prince is one of the most attractive of West Indian cities, and distance lends enchantment to the view. This happened to be a great day at the Port. Blasts of the police siren announced the news of the *Rochester's* approach. We could see the toy cruiser on the toy bay, and with glasses might have

By Marquis James



picked up the crowd massed on the quay to welcome President Hoover's commission of inquiry as it stepped ashore to survey the past and prescribe for the future of our participation in the affairs of the black republic.

Kenskoff was reached in due time. It did not rain in our path, the clouds having blown away to drench another mountain—a good fortune that you have an even break of enjoying during the dry season in Haiti.

From the little inn of Monsieur Derieux, a native-born Frenchman living a hermit life, one views an exhilarating panorama, extending to the blue harbor of the Port seventeen miles away. The region of Kenskoff, named perhaps for some Pole who followed Napoleon's ill-starred fortunes thither, is forty-six hundred feet above that harbor. There are no mosquitoes, the air is crisp and the nights cool even during the rainy season when the Port is gasping. That night an open fire felt good before turning in at eight-thirty.

The doctor was in the saddle next morning when it was barely light enough for the horses to see where to step. On the last trip a pack mule, born in these mountains, had made a misstep. Some of his burden was salvaged three hundred feet below and natives skinned the carcass of the mule. This time Louis Milfort rode ahead with a new pack mule laden with medicines and a few supplies Dr. Webster always brings out to Father Berenger. Louis is a black man and the doctor's dresser. He learned in the hospital corps of the Garde d'Haiti. He has charge of the medicinal depot at Kenskoff, where the peasants may obtain free treatment. Louis wears shoes and is a man of mark. The prestige of the local voodoo doctor has declined since his coming to Kenskoff.

A mile from Monsieur Derieux's one finds himself in the only Haiti that two million black men know—a Haiti that was a closed book to the white race until the Americans came in 1915 and is a closed book now to the educated Haitians of the towns who form the ruling class.

It is seven hours more to the Valley of the Owl, or Trou Cou-cou. The trail is typical of hundreds that criss-cross mountainous Haiti. Other paths branch off and intersect, but Louis Milfort



Native shacks at Port au Prince against a background of palms and tropical vegetation, with the hills in the distance. The houses are close together only as a social convenience, for ownership of land is practically non-existent in Haiti

knows the way. Like much of north and central Haiti the slopes are only fairly wooded, but there are valleys in which the foliage meets overhead and the tenderfoot thinks he is getting a taste of jungle.

You pass people every few hundred yards—men and women, laughing and chattering as they bear their burdens gracefully upon their heads, never once glancing at the uncertain trail their feet know instinctively. Some carry water from the streams in great calabash gourds. Some bear prodigious baskets of bread fruit, pineapples, mangoes or whatnot destined for the market. A bunch of bananas laid down in the Port is worth sixty cents. Grapefruit are a cent each and oranges a nickel a dozen. All the fruit one cares to eat in the country is free. Some carry coffee beans, representing the national wealth of Haiti.

"Boh joo, docteur!"

"Boh joo! Boh joo!" says Frank Webster. "Where did you get that pretty dress?" he asks a giggling girl.

About a thatched caye—pronounced ki—or native hut by the trail-side is gathered the best part of a family clan. A dozen naked children tumble in the dirt with some goats and a pig.

"Boh joo, monsieur le docteur!" the eldest man lifts his hat and speaks sententiously. Then most of the others, including the boldest of the children, chime in. These people have assembled expressly to tender this civility. They have been gathering ever since they received the news from the adjoining mountain by palaver drum or conch-shell telegraph.

Should the doctor rein up, bestow a cigarette, eat a banana and pass the time of day that would constitute a great and unexpected honor.

Six hours on the trail and the sound of a conch shell booms ahead. It grows louder. Presently a man on a skinny pony with a plaited grass bridle, his bare feet dangling almost to the ground, trots into view. It is the herald from Trou Cou-cou. Dr. Webster motions him to cease blowing and fall in behind.

Up the crest of another ridge and the trail drops into the Valley of the Owl, on the far side of which Mount La Selle, the tallest peak in Haiti, rises eight thousand feet above the sea. Men and mounts are sweaty and tired, but no matter, for half a mile below one sights the church and the house of the priest with the scattering of cayes that form at a respectful distance an irregular pattern about them. Father Berenger is on the porch with his field glasses.

The native crowd makes way for the six-foot priest in white tropical helmet and swinging black cassock as he strides with an athletic step to greet his friend.

"And remember, this time you stay a week! Four days at least!"

Not since the doctor's last visit a month before has Father Berenger seen a white face or spoken a word of any tongue except the Creole of the Haitian peasant, barely distinguishable as a derivative of French.

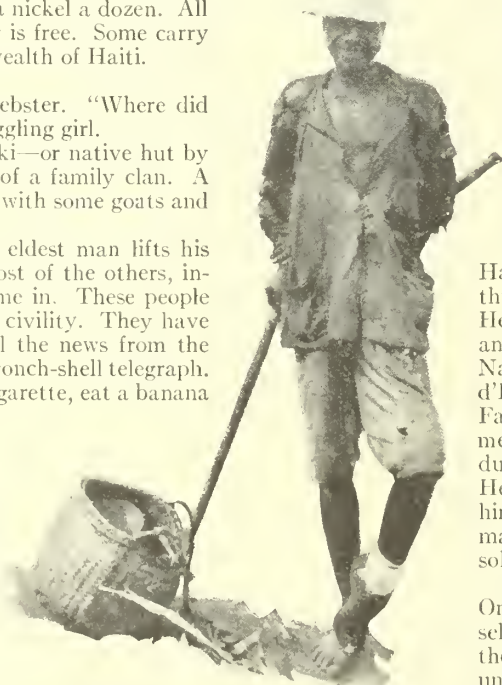
Having verified the doctor's arrival the crowd melts away chattering. The doctor takes a nap while the priest reads, somewhat laboriously, the American newspapers his guest has brought. Before sundown begins the long, leisurely, conversational dinner, served in the French fashion.

The talk alternates between French and English and covers a wide range of subjects. Father Berenger is in his middle thirties, and a fair representative of the fine body of clergy the church sends to Haiti. He built the church at Trou Cou-cou three years ago and has been there ever since. He was the first white man to enter the valley and the only others to follow have been the Navy's doctors attached to the Service d'Hygiène, or Public Health Service of Haiti. Father Berenger has taken upon himself numerous responsibilities aside from his religious duties. He is, in fact, the ruler of the region. He has established a school, which he conducts himself, being unable to find another white man or a literate Haitian who will endure the solitude.

Dr. Webster always comes on a Saturday. On Sunday morning after mass he seats himself at a small table under a mango tree near the church. A few yards away Louis Milfort unpacks his medicines.

The crowd from the church surrounds them. All night they have been coming down from the mountains, some twenty miles, to sleep huddled against a caye until dawn.

Only a clergyman enjoys a more intimate acquaintance with human nature than a doctor, and the marks of this intimacy are on the weatherbeaten, keen and kindly face of Lieutenant Frank Webster, U. S. N. He wears spectacles and his sandy hair is turning gray. When the war came Dr. Webster had been practicing



Just after the doctor had attended to him—a Haitian peasant



Palace of Justice, Port au Prince, one of numerous public buildings for which the American occupation is responsible

for ten years in Rockland, Maine. He joined up on the first day. Twice he has written out his resignation. Then comes an assignment like Haiti and he doesn't send it in.

Four hundred patients bank themselves in front of the table under the tree. They press close, but are orderly and dressed in their best. This often means that the only garment they possess has been washed. Some of the naked people scrubbing clothes in the streams the doctor forded en route were preparing for this audience.

Dr. Webster nods to a woman in front of him.

"Grippe," she says, and rattles the details in rapid Creole, with gestures.

Grippe means almost any sort of pulmonary ailment, from which the mountain peasants suffer greatly during the dry or winter season.

Thousands of treatments and diagnoses have made the doctor familiar with the symptoms. He glances at the woman, and maybe touches her fingers to her wrist while he scrawls a prescription which the patient takes to Louis Milfort.

"Pian," says the next one. That is yaws, an insidious tropical blood disease with which Haiti reeked ten years ago. Bad cases cover the body with sores. A remedy has been found to which the worst cases respond. Nearly a million treatments have been administered to date. Yaws and syphilis have done as much to impair the physical and mental vigor of Haiti as all other diseases, which are numerous enough.

The clinic lasts until late afternoon. It has been a hard day's work and Father Berenger presses his invitation to stay a week, "or at least four days." He always does this and always receives the reply that thirty-six hours hence the doctor is due at Dufort, more than sixty miles away. So he leaves Trou Cou-cou at daybreak on Monday, riding through to Port au Prince by evening in order to spend the night with his family.

The Dufort clinic is a snap. At seven in the morning you roll out of the big gate of the Haitian General Hospital at the Port

in a battered automobile of the Service d'Hygiène and are there in an hour. A member of President Hoover's commission of inquiry, glad to chuck his ceremonial silk hat and cutaway for whites and a helmet, rides along. He sees everything and asks many pertinent questions of the doctor. Through an interpreter he examines the natives, picking out a substantial looking citizen wearing shoes to begin on.

"What do you think of the American occupation?"

The citizen does not know. He has not heard of it.

The name of Louis Borno, president of the republic, left him with a blank look on his countenance. Nor had he ever heard of High Commissioner Russell.

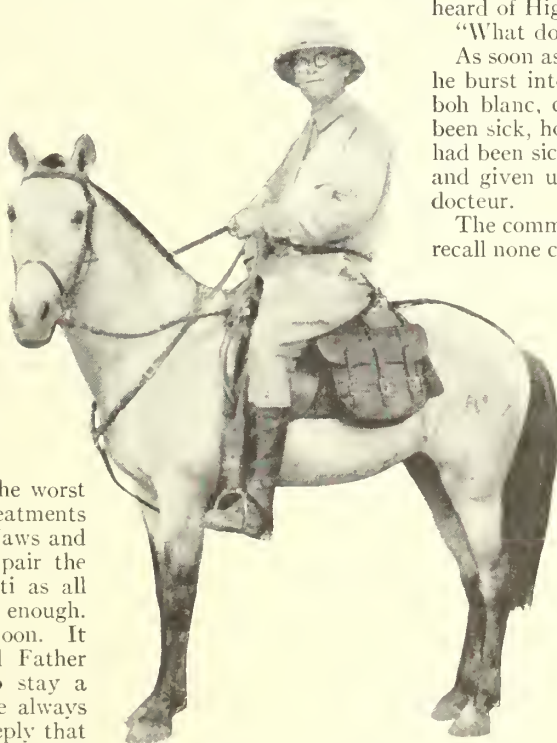
"What do you think of Dr. Webster?"

As soon as the Haitian learned who Dr. Webster was he burst into impassioned speech. "Boh! Boh! Tres boh blanc, ce docteur," continuing as to how he had been sick, how his child had been sick, how his brother had been sick, how they all had prayed to Saint André and given up all for lost when, alors, came the blanc docteur.

The commissioner questioned several people and as I recall none could name the president of their country or understood that the Americans were helping to run the government. They were appreciative of some of the changes of recent years, but it had not occurred to them to associate the few blancs they had seen. This at the village of Dufort, twenty miles from Port au Prince by main highway.

While these events were taking place at Dufort the other members of the commission were holding one of the regular sessions at the Hotel Excelsior, which sets amid a grove of palm trees facing the Champs de Mars. The national palace, the official residence of the president, which is larger than our White House, also looks upon this beautiful park, and most of the other government buildings are nearby. These structures would enhance the beauty of any city in America. They have been built and paid for (excepting the palace, which was completed) under the occupation.

That morning an editor, a lawyer and a former minister of state appeared before the commission. All are widely traveled, polished men. They represented the opposition, which comprises a large majority of the Haitians who



Dr. Frank Webster, U. S. N., and his horse, Bob, familiar to peasants on the back trails of the island



A typical scene in rural Haiti. The road was constructed by the American occupation

formed the former governing class. The ex-minister, the most conservative of the three, conceded some benefits from the occupation: peace, roads, sanitation and medical service, improvement of national finances. In this he said he spoke for himself personally, rather than for the patriotic organizations under whose auspices he appeared. It has been the policy of the opposition to concede nothing publicly, though privately some of them have astonished me by their candor in admitting the good points of the occupation.

The ex-minister then gave another side of the picture, which was to the effect that the occupation has made grave mistakes and has outlived its usefulness. The gist of the remarks of the editor and the lawyer were that the occupation has never justified itself. These points were made: the occupation represents the subjugation of a small country by a large one; the suppression of individual liberty and republican administrations by a military dictatorship; the aspirations of the Haitian people disregarded in favor of the wishes of a foreign "dictator," General Russell, expressed through a puppet government of Haitian tools.

These complaints were made in polite terms. They have long been repeated by the press of the Haitian opposition in more vigorous terms, wherein American officials have been charged with incompetence, brutality and dishonesty. Not the slightest evidence has ever been offered to sustain the latter two charges; and very little to sustain the first one. Nevertheless an active propaganda has been carried on in the United States, where the occupation during the past winter has developed many critics and few defenders. Senator Borah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, has called conditions in Haiti "intolerable." Senator Blaine has deplored the taxation of Haitians to build roads which he said served no local purpose except to give American officials a wider scope for the operation of their swift motor cars.

This criticism seems to have been in part responsible for the Hoover commission. Another reason was the fact that our treaty with Haiti under which the occupation exists expires in 1936. It is time we formed a policy looking toward our evacuation. Heretofore Washington has concerned itself little with the problems faced by our agents in Haiti, who have been more or less on their own. This situation has had its advantages as well as disadvantages. But the fact remains that few Americans have any clear idea of what the problems of the occupation have been.

Our Marines landed in Haiti in 1915 at the request of the French, British and American diplomatic representatives there. French marines had previously landed and withdrawn during a

lull. The Monroe Doctrine prevented their further participation, and it became our duty, enforced by international public opinion, to end anarchy in Haiti.

Fifteen hundred cacos, in the train of an aspirant to the presidency, were looting Port au Prince. The incumbent president had been dragged from the French legation and chopped to pieces with machetes. This was the end of Haiti's sixth president in four years, one of the others having been blown up in the palace (hence the new palace), another poisoned and three driven from the country.

The Marines disarmed the revolutionary "army" without bloodshed and guarded the Chamber of Deputies while it elected Dr. Philip Dartiguenave president. Dr. Dartiguenave was allied with no political faction and was the second civilian to become chief executive in Haiti's one hundred and eleven years of independent history. His administration made a treaty with the United States providing for our control of certain government departments for twenty years, or until 1936. In 1922 Brigadier General John H. Russell of the Marines was created High Commissioner in charge of all American official activities.

We took over the treasury, the army, the public health service and the department of agriculture. The latter three departments existed in little more than name, succeeding presidents having peopled them with favorites principally as a means of access to the public till. The army, consisting of three hundred generals and a few others, was mustered out of service. The state of the treasury was fantastic. Revolutionary loans had been contracted at one hundred percent interest. Government issues, to oppose revolutions, and line the pockets of the personnel of kaleidoscopic administrations, had been sold at forty percent discount. Interest was in arrears. Months elapsed before the American experts could do more than approximate the liabilities of the government.

Practically the only work of the occupation that has received any notice in the United States has been the suppression of two caco uprisings, one launched in 1915 and one in 1919. The former was put down by Marines, the latter by Marines and the new national army, trained by and largely officered by Americans. Only a small part of the country and of the population was affected by these outbreaks.

For generations circumstances had made the caco a semi-professional fighting man. Subsequent events have proved him to be no more truculent by nature than his countryman inhabiting the more fruitful and almost invariably peaceful mountains of the south. The ready laugh and sunny disposition of the southern

peasant reminds one of our darkies in Dixie, excepting that our Negroes are much more intelligent. Following precedents established when Haitian slaves were fighting for their freedom from the French, it was to the north that one ambitious native leader after another turned for the manpower with which to seize the government and its revenues. There was a regular formula for turning out an "army," simplified by the fact that Haitian armies lived off the country, and that the machete, or large knife, that was the peasant's sole instrument of agriculture until the occupation introduced the hoe, also was his principal weapon for military service. The peasant seldom knew the name of the leader he thus installed in the palace at Port-au Prince, just as few of his number know the name of the one who is there today. He received a dollar or so in cash aside from the pickings from a captured town or so and went home to gather coffee until drafted into the next revolution.

With the cacos quieted, the greatest obstacle to the rehabilitation of Haiti had been removed, but not the only obstacle. Nearly two million Haitians are illiterate. Not only that, but their minds are so undeveloped that any degree of enlightenment is a process requiring great patience. Show one of them a wheelbarrow for the first time and he will carry it on his head. Some thirty or forty thousand Haitians who comprise the élite, to use the local term, have always conducted the affairs of the country. Politics was, and is, practically their sole occupation. This class is largely mulatto, some of whom can pass for white abroad. Among all classes a subtle assertion of the color line is in evidence. There is a valley in southern Haiti called Fond des Blancs where the peasants have nut-brown complexions, maintained for generations by judicious mating. Light-colored men journey miles to take wives from Fond des Blancs.

The Haitian élite is French in language, culture, manner and dress. Many are educated in Europe and spend as much time there as they can afford. Under the occupation this has not been nearly as much as formerly, because the revenues of the country have been in other hands.

Consequently, the opposed interests of the occupations and the vast majority of Haitians capable of carrying on any sort of government. This opposition has been continuous and has strewn the pathway of the Americans with thorns. The courts, which the Americans did not take over, have been very hostile. Their co-operation in enforcing a humanitarian measure such as the sanitary code has been limited, and a foreigner in the toils of Haitian law has no thought other than to bribe himself out.

Thus a glimpse at the unsavory side of the opposition. The other side is that occupations are bound to be unpopular no matter what they do or leave undone. The national and personal pride of the former ruling Haitians has naturally been offended.

Despite these obstacles the Americans have transformed Haiti. In 1915 there was not a road in the republic passable for wheels. Good highways now connect all principal towns with the capital, and are traversed daily by a system of gayly painted and named motor buses, the patrons of which are ninety-nine percent black. There were four automobiles in Haiti in 1915 and there are three thousand now, five out of six of them owned by Haitians.

Maritime men say that before the occupation Port au Prince could be smelled five miles at sea. No one ever went there who could well avoid it. Now it is a beautiful, modern city, retaining its tropical quaintness and Frenchy touch. Its clubs and lively cafés are a magnet for tourists and winter visitors. In the old days not even the inhabitants went abroad after dark.

The old "army" has been replaced by the Garde d'Haiti,



This Haitian built his caye under a spreading mapou tree. Note the modern construction. In circle, a typical Haitian peasant hut



whose rifle team tied with France for second place at the Olympic Games in 1924. Upon the Garde nearly all of the police functions of the country also devolved. Its strength is 2,500 and there is a waiting list to get in. Originally officered by Marines, nearly half of the officers are now Haitians, and Americans are being replaced as rapidly as possible.

In this a prejudice against serving under black officers must be overcome. The same obtains in all branches of the government directed by Americans. Not long ago a workman on one of the experimental farms was advanced to foreman. He showed up with a silver-headed cane. Authority has been a privilege so extensively abused in Haiti that considerable education is necessary to establish a proper attitude toward it.

The Department of Agriculture has grappled with the most formidable problem. Were Haiti not bountiful almost beyond belief its population would have been limited to one-third its present figure by starvation. But one can hardly starve in Haiti. In 1785 the agricultural revenues of Haiti were one of the main supports of the glittering and decadent French monarchy. The chief export of the island is now coffee, but until the occupation came not one coffee plant that anyone knows of had been set out since the French departed. The elaborate plantations and every vestige of the rich French civilization have been obliterated for a century, but the coffee which they once cultivated grows wild. The peasants pick it from about their huts. There is practically no ownership of land in Haiti, because clear titles are impossible. The Americans have tried to introduce a beginning of order into this chaos, with some success and some failure. Coffee production has been brought for the first time to where it was in French days, but the total agricultural production (*Continued on page 52*)

The AFFAIR of BAYONET

*Illustrations by
V. E. Pyles*

CAPTAIN HENRY B. TILL, Infantry, A.E.F., had been absent without leave when he returned to his station that rainy evening in March, 1919. He had spent two hilarious days in Paris, but their gaiety, however pleasant at the time, evaporated rapidly as he approached his company area in the muddy Forwarding Camp five miles south of Le Mans.

The officers of the battalion had just finished dinner when Till straightened his Sam Browne belt and stalked into the mess hall. He glanced about apprehensively. Lieutenant Colonel Roderick Furlong, commander of the battalion, was not present. But at the head of the table sat the colonel's adjutant, First Lieutenant Ambrose Herty, a pale, serious man with nose glasses on a chain. He motioned toward a vacant place. Till shook his head.

"Had dinner, thanks," he refused huskily.

Lieutenant Herty arose and followed as Till turned back along the corridor to his own room.

"Old man wants you, Captain," he said as Till turned on his light. "Been raising merry hell all afternoon. Told me to notify the police in the morning."

Till growled audibly. "Don't he know the war's over?" he demanded. He lifted his musette bag off the single canvas chair. "Have a seat?" he offered.

"Thanks," the adjutant answered. But he did not sit down. He had caught sight of a steel blade with a ragged edge that protruded from the flap of the musette, and curiously he demanded: "What's that?"

"Saw tooth bayonet," Till answered. "Picked it up in Paris. A trinket of Kultur."

"The Jerries had queer knickknacks," Herty admitted. He was reverting to his official role, advising: "Better go see the old man right away, Captain," when a short, square-jawed man in the uniform of the Y.M.C.A. halted behind him in the doorway.

"I need my board bill, Lieutenant," the newcomer said.

"Why so?" Herty demanded.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," the Y man explained. "Ordered to Brest." He leaned down and looked closely at the weapon.

"We'll miss you, Abel," Till said. He was putting on a fresh white collar. His fingers trembled a little. He might be leaving himself, but not for Brest! "Been with us quite a while."

"Four weeks," Abel answered good naturedly. "Longest I've been attached to any outfit. Morning'll do for the bill, Lieutenant."

He began whistling as he passed down the hall. The adjutant straightened up from his further examination of the bayonet.

"Beastly thing," he muttered.

"Ingenious," Till corrected. "Boche efficiency. Gets you going and coming."

He finished buttoning his blouse after Herty left, tightened his belt, passed a comb through his scant hair and started toward the colonel's office.



Lieutenant Colonel Furlong occupied a small room in the rear of headquarters at the end of the street. His command, the Eighteenth Provisional Battalion, was stationed in the far southeastern portion of the area and was used for permanent details of the great casual camp. Private Hostetter, the sentry on post number four which led past officers' row, remembered later that he saw Till hesitate as he emerged from his own door, while he accustomed his eyes to the darkness. The captain then walked briskly toward headquarters, following the familiar course of the duckboards over the mud.

He too was whistling, perhaps to keep up his courage. The sentry moved behind him at a more leisurely pace, holding his rifle well up under his poncho to protect it from the rain. He heard argument as he passed Furlong's door, and hesitated there, listening. The colonel was a hard commander, even the newest recruit felt that. Unpleasant sounds came frequently from his rooms. Now the voices subsided after two or three minutes, and Private Hostetter, looking back, saw Till returning rapidly toward his own barracks.

Ten minutes later, on his third round of the post after he had noticed Till, the sentry observed Abel walk hurriedly down the steps of officers' quarters and follow the duckboards toward Furlong's office. As he passed Hostetter, he spoke pleasantly and not too briefly.

"Rotten night, lad," and knocked on the door of battalion headquarters.

"Yes, sir," the sentry answered. Abel knocked again, and

the SAWTOOTH

By
KARL W.
DETZER



*"It wasn't mine that killed him!
Why, my God!"*

receiving no reply, pushed open the panel six inches. He peered in, then quickly drew back to the step.

"Hey . . . you . . . soldier . . . help!"

Hostetter ran toward him. Together they halted in the open door. Colonel Furlong lay between the rear door and the desk, on his left side, his head twisted, his features set in an expression of terror. Blood, clotting on a wound in his neck, stained his chin and made a reddish brown patch on the rough whiteness of scrubbed floorboards.

Abel entered first, lifting his feet high like a cat on a wet pavement. The sentry swayed in the doorway, gaping, for a second.

"Dead!" Abel whispered. He repeated, "I say . . . he's dead!"

The soldier turned rapidly at that, yanked the rifle from under his poncho and halting on the step, fired twice into the air.

"The guard!" he yelled. "Post Number Four!"

Other guns at varying distances barked in reply. Voices picked up the alarm. Down across the camp their cries floated over low, wet roofs.

"Guard . . . Number Four . . . the guard . . ."

THE officer of the day telephoned the news to the Military Police battalion stationed at the camp, who immediately relayed it to the office of the Division of Criminal Investigation in Le Mans. The operations officer there dispatched Sergeant Patrick Casey and Corporal Andrew Westfall.

The sergeant was an old army man, serving his fourth hitch. He was a tall, whitish haired soldier, whose Munson marching

shoes had stirred up dust in China, the Philippines, Panama, and half the posts from Vancouver Barracks to Fort Ethan Allen. He knew soldiers and for that reason, now, was assigned to the D. C. I.

The corporal slouched, in contrast with Casey. Rain, pouring into the side of their open car as

they drove out of Le Mans, splattered noisily against Westfall's straw hat.

"Beastly night for a murder," he complained.

"Ain't it," Casey replied. "We ought to of picked a nice moonlit evening, maybe."

The corporal subsided. He was fifteen years Casey's junior, and for two years prior to the war he had been a detective on the Detroit force. He wore civilian clothes by choice; from habit disapproved of Casey as a detective. The sergeant was like all the rest of the Regular

Army, Westfall thought . . . too set in his ways, didn't give a straw about finger prints, about any modern police methods for that matter. Yet in spite of everything he'd cleaned up a dozen hard cases. Usually, Westfall assured himself, through bull-headed luck.

At the Forwarding Camp entrance, a guide from the Military Police post hopped the running board and directed the two D. C. I. operators to the area of the Eighteenth Provisional Battalion. From the officer of the day, a Lieutenant Winkler, who obviously was badly frightened, Casey heard an unconvincing and disjointed story of the discovery of Colonel Furlong's body.

Lieutenant Herty, the adjutant, stood aside, listening, until Winkler had finished.

"No weapon," Casey repeated.

"None," Winkler answered. "Looks like a knife wound."

"Know who was in here with him?" Casey asked. "I mean before this Y bird found him?"

"I think I can give you that information," the adjutant broke in. His face was paler than usual and he was fingering his nose glasses.

"You'll get a chance," Casey assured him. He regarded Herty searchingly. Abel stood beside him. The Y man had gone back to the officers' quarters for a cup of black coffee after the arrival of the guard and was just returned.

"I mean privately, Sergeant," Herty said.

"I mean private, too," Casey retorted. "Nobody in the regiment leave camp, please. You will issue that order, Lieutenant?" He spoke to the officer of the day. "You can stay, sir. The rest of you all go back to quarters, I guess. Clear out and let me think."

When they had filed into the night, the adjutant somewhat

irritably, the others apparently glad to be out of the place, Casey closed the door. The officer of the day already had posted men at the four sides of the building and had sent for the camp surgeon, who was slow in arriving. The rain spattered so noisily on the iron roof that in spite of the quieting presence of the dead officer, the men must raise their voices to be heard.

"This cigarette salesman," Casey began, and faced Winkler, "he come in the front door there?"

"The Y man?" And when Casey nodded: "In that door, yes. The light was on here in the office. The back room was dark. My sentry saw Abel come to the door and knock twice. He opened the door just a little and peeked in . . . then hollered."

"He *would* of hollered," Casey commented; "might of hollered myself. The soldier come a-lopin' and there the colonel lay."

"That's it," Winkler nodded. His thin reddish mustache twitched.

"He died scared," Casey guessed. "His expression tells that. Seems like he might of been coming out of the other room." He turned to Corporal Westfall.

"I'll look for fingerprints," Westfall offered.

"Question the boys," the sergeant directed, "the sentry first. As for fingerprints, I ain't so enthused about fingerprints."

Westfall shrugged as he went out. Casey paused in the door at the rear, flashed on an electric light over his head and peered about Furlong's room. A narrow iron army cot stood in one corner, the blankets spread out properly over the officer's bedding roll on top of it. A folding chair and a small rough pine table occupied the center of the room. On the table Casey saw a row of books . . . Army Regulations, Manual of Courts Martial, Infantry Drill and Field Service Regulations, a French-English dictionary, a small Bible and a thumbled old copy of Hoyle's Games.

"All the best literature," the sergeant commented.

He looked at the three windows, one on each of the outer sides of the room. The door to the office led in from the west; opposite it, a window and another door gave upon the rear. The closed north window overlooked the cot, and under the one on the south, which was open, stood a regulation foot locker with the initials R. F. stenciled on its end. Casey, examining the locker at a distance, allowed his eye to wander from the latch, which apparently was closed, to the floor in front of it. Fresh reddish brown mud smeared the boards.

"Hey . . . lookit!" he exclaimed. "See here, sir, somebody come in the window, tried to open the foot locker."

The tracks showed plainly under the window. A man with large feet had let himself into the room over the sill and crossed to the locker.

"There's a toe mark," Casey pointed to an oblong streak. "Somebody was down on his knees monkeying with the lock." He tested the lid of the box. "Didn't get it open. Interrupted, maybe. Here's his tracks, dim, turns towards the office and stops . . . that's where he met the colonel . . . hit him with his knife . . . turns back to the rear door. Went out that way. That mud's sticky stuff. See how he stepped off on his right foot? Both times, here, there, stepped off on his right foot."

He examined the floor again thoughtfully, then returning to the office shut the door of the sleeping quarters. Rain beat more noisily on the iron roof, and Westfall, hurrying in, shook water from his straw hat. A bulky, red-cheeked man in a raincoat followed him.

On his tightfitting cap was the gold leaf of a major. The sergeant need not glance at its maroon piping to put him down as a medico. Lieutenant Winkler greeted him stiffly.

"These men are detectives, Major Layman." He indicated Casey and Westfall. "Sent down from Le Mans."

The doctor grunted and dropped the bag he carried under his arm. He approached the body with an air half professional, half curious. "I didn't hurry," he apologized. "You said he was dead, so I couldn't be any real help. Finished my dinner. Old friend, Colonel Furlong was. Knew him for months."

He went down to his knees beside the body. "Hasn't been dead long," he said, "an hour or less. What was the weapon?"

"We can't find any, sir," Casey answered.

"Hum." Layman squinted at the dead man's wound. "He died in a terror! Mind if I turn him over?"

"If you want."

"Damned peculiar," the doctor said after a moment. "I saw a wound like this once . . . it can't be, though. Yet it must!" He cleared his throat. "See the way the flesh is torn there? It looks as if he'd been bayoneted . . . and with a saw tooth bayonet at that, sawtooth or something mighty like it."

"Yes, sir," Casey admitted. "That's a hell of a thing to get killed with, sir. Cut deep?"

The doctor was examining the body again.

"A powerful blow. Slashed in right here under the ear, missed all the important arteries and struck the spinal column. Must have died almost instantly. Here," he touched the back of his own neck, "went away through to here. An upward blow."

"If you please, sir," Casey fumbled in his pocket, and drawing out a pencil, handed it to the doctor. "Mind, sir, making a pass at me with this, sort of show how he got hit?"

"Certainly." The two faced one another, and Layman gripped the pencil. "It's on the left side, something like this. Can't be positive of course, but to judge from the wound . . ." he lifted the pencil slowly in his right hand, swinging it in an arc toward Casey's neck.

The sergeant instinctively put out his hands to ward the blow and the point of the pencil caught his left palm.

But examination of the dead man's hands showed neither palm to have a cut or bruise.

"It ain't nature," Casey objected. "Nobody's going to stand for getting stabbed without putting up his mitts."

Layman grunted. "Show me then, sergeant."

Casey took the pencil.

"You're the colonel and I'm the crook. I come in the window of the back room. Rain's raisin' hell on the roof, sir, and you can't hear hardly nothing. I'm on my knees in front of the locker and suddenly you think you hear me. You come to the door and look in. You see me, and I say something or make a pass at you, and you turn around and start to beat it. Mind turning so? I'm behind you. You're scart and you kind of look back and I leave you have it like this." He swung the pencil. "You say the cut runs upward. Well, you've got your head bent forward, beatin' it. It's bound to slide up."

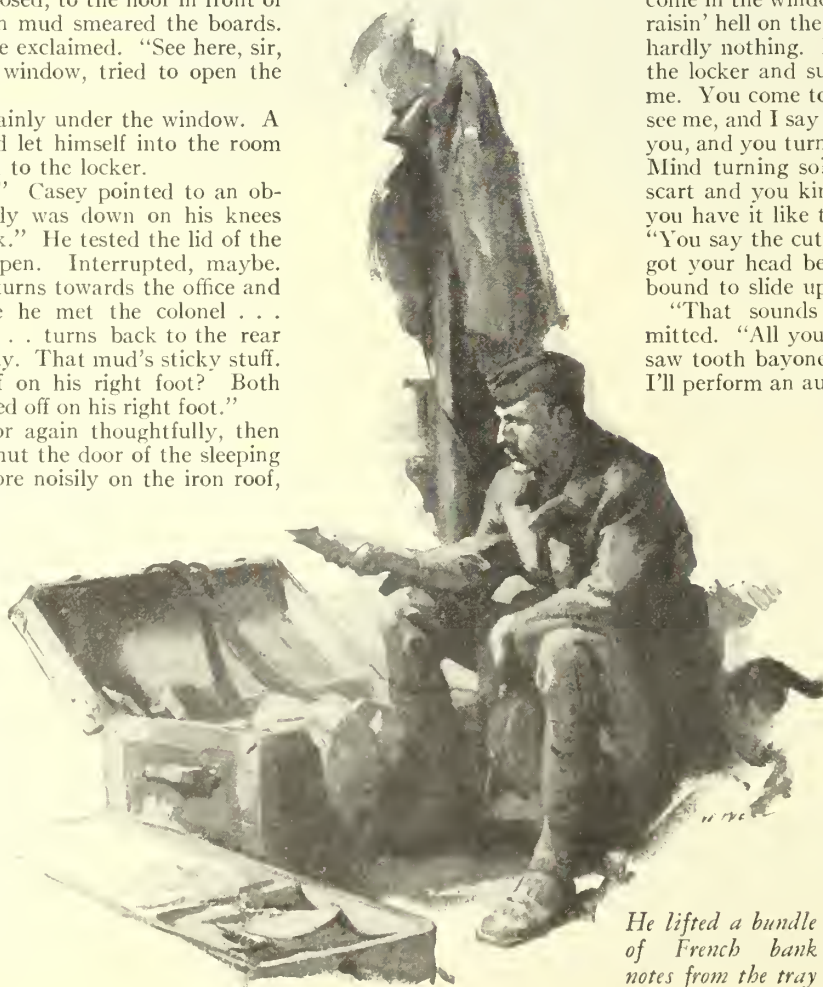
"That sounds reasonable," Layman admitted. "All you've got to find is who has a saw tooth bayonet or something of the kind. I'll perform an autopsy when I get authority."

In the meantime I'll have the body sent to the morgue."

"Much obliged, sir," Casey answered and saluted sharply. Westfall tipped his hat. "You can give this place another once-over," Casey told the corporal when the door closed behind the medico. "Inside and out. Measure up them footprints . . . that's modern methods, ain't it? They've told me pretty near everything I want to know . . . still you might as well measure 'em. I'm beginning to get a good description of the guy."

"Description?" Westfall laughed unbelievably.

"Might look for finger-



He lifted a bundle of French bank notes from the tray



He pushed open the panel six inches and peered in, then drew back to the step. "Hey . . . you . . . soldier . . . help!"

prints," the sergeant retorted. Westfall went out without a word.

LIEUTENANT Herty sat at the head of the table in the battalion mess when Casey and Lieutenant Winkler entered. A dozen other officers were with him, among them Abel, the Y man, and two or three others who had crowded the door of the office when Casey arrived.

"If you please, sir," he addressed the adjutant, "I want to talk to all of you, separate. In your own rooms if you want."

"Any way you choose, Sergeant," Herty agreed. His eyes were nervous behind his glasses, and the pallor of his face was more pronounced. "Take whomever you wish first."

"It'll be the gentleman who found the body."

"I sleep at the Y," Abel put in quickly.

"We'll talk in the hall then," Casey said.

As Abel rose, the sergeant observed him carefully. The D. C. I. operator was a head taller than the Y. M. C. A. man, broader of

shoulder, but they were of the same age, perhaps in the middle forties.

"Down the other end of the hall," the sergeant suggested. "They got their ears pinned back in there."

The story he heard was exactly what he expected. The sentry on post in front of battalion headquarters and the officer of the day already had relayed the same tale. There was nothing in it which interested Casey greatly.

"And that's all," Abel finished. "I opened the door and saw him and yelled."

"Why were you going to his quarters?" Casey demanded.

"To tell him goodbye. He was a fine fellow, and as I say, I was leaving tomorrow."

"That's all for you, then," the sergeant said. "Stick around though."

"Just a minute, Casey," Corporal Westfall interrupted.

He had stepped in that minute from (Continued on page 60)

IDEAS WHILE YOU WAIT

By Richard Washburn Child

Cartoon by T.D. Skidmore

AND so he leaned over the fence and shook

the oat bucket and old Dobbin gave a whinny and came across."

In that sentence one finds most of the ethics of the propaganda and publicity which has made this age a Make 'Em Believe It Age, just as much as it is a Power-Machine Age.

First: did he shake the quart measure solely for his own benefit or also for the benefit of old Dobbin?

Second: were there any oats in the quart measure anyhow?

Third: were the oats poisoned?

Finally, did he say in loud, clear English, "There are oats in this measure" when there were none.

Before we examine the first questions which bear upon the ethics of propaganda and publicity let us weigh the importance of saying loudly and clearly, "There are oats!"

You cannot find an expert in the breadth of the land who can tell you how many billions of dollars are spent to make you and me, or a whole group of people, or the whole nation believe in something or other. The suave gentlemen who are leaders in this art and who in several instances have made millions by its practice in the printed word, on the electric or countryside sign board, over the radio, in the movie, the talkie, the song, the photograph, the banquet, parade, and other newly invented shakers of the quart measure—even they have slight realization that the very foundation of their success in distributing ready-to-weigh thought is based upon the mere power of assertion.

Although in these pages we are about to plunge into the backstage mysteries of publicity and propaganda, let us remember every minute of the way that nothing in the whole business can equal the value of getting there first with a 'tis or a 't isn't.

'Tis and 't isn't may be so or may not be so; they may be stated abruptly or stated with a fine and subtle indirection which plays upon the obscure keyboards of our intellectual pianos; they may be so aimed as to skitter around the corners of our disbeliefs, our prejudices and our resistance to experiment so as to lodge plumb in the very hearts of our desires. In any case the assertion has its inevitable force. In this age, when information is not dug for but is sprayed upon our senses so thickly that we are all covered with a thought-veneer that makes us all appear of the same hue, mere assertion is a rum-runner of bootleg belief which the coast guard cutter of denial not often overtakes.

Recently, for example, the world and particularly our own faddish world with its eras of conversation—its eras of appendicitis, of Tagore and Shaw and Wells, of short skirts and long, Coué and psychiatry, modernistic novelties and the lure of the antique, Einstein and numerology—pricked up its ears to listen to someone who said that parrot fever was a terrible epidemic to be contracted from Pretty Poll and breathed in from her cute curses. Now the fact is, so my doctor says, that parrot fever is not epidemic, it does not in any case come from parrots or parrot cages. Because of the power of assertion—and my world is too busy and too parrotless to conduct much of a research on that question—I swallow whole what my doctor tells me. Not so with those others who might in a bull market be selecting a parrot cage. The truly powerful assertion, arising from no publicity plot which I can conceive but from a self-starter epidemic in the news appeared ready to ruin the business of parrot cage manufacturers, and for all I know, the growers of sunflower seeds in the bargain.

But I now state a fact. An association of parrot cage interests went to a reputable New York publicity agent, or "public relations counsel" as the profession likes to be called, and asked for a campaign to counteract the parrot fever myths. "Well,"

was his reply, "if there is anything in the story that parrot cages give the fever you would be wasting

your money trying to prove the contrary. If, however, there is nothing in it the public will soon forget it."

What was really in this adviser's honest mind when he saved his client's money was that nothing would catch the assertion about parrot fever once it was off to a good start. It would run until its little slim legs gave out under it. Whereupon the public, with all its new facilities to be informed, would chase some other assertion, such perhaps as "Looking into the mirror night and morning will cure baldness."

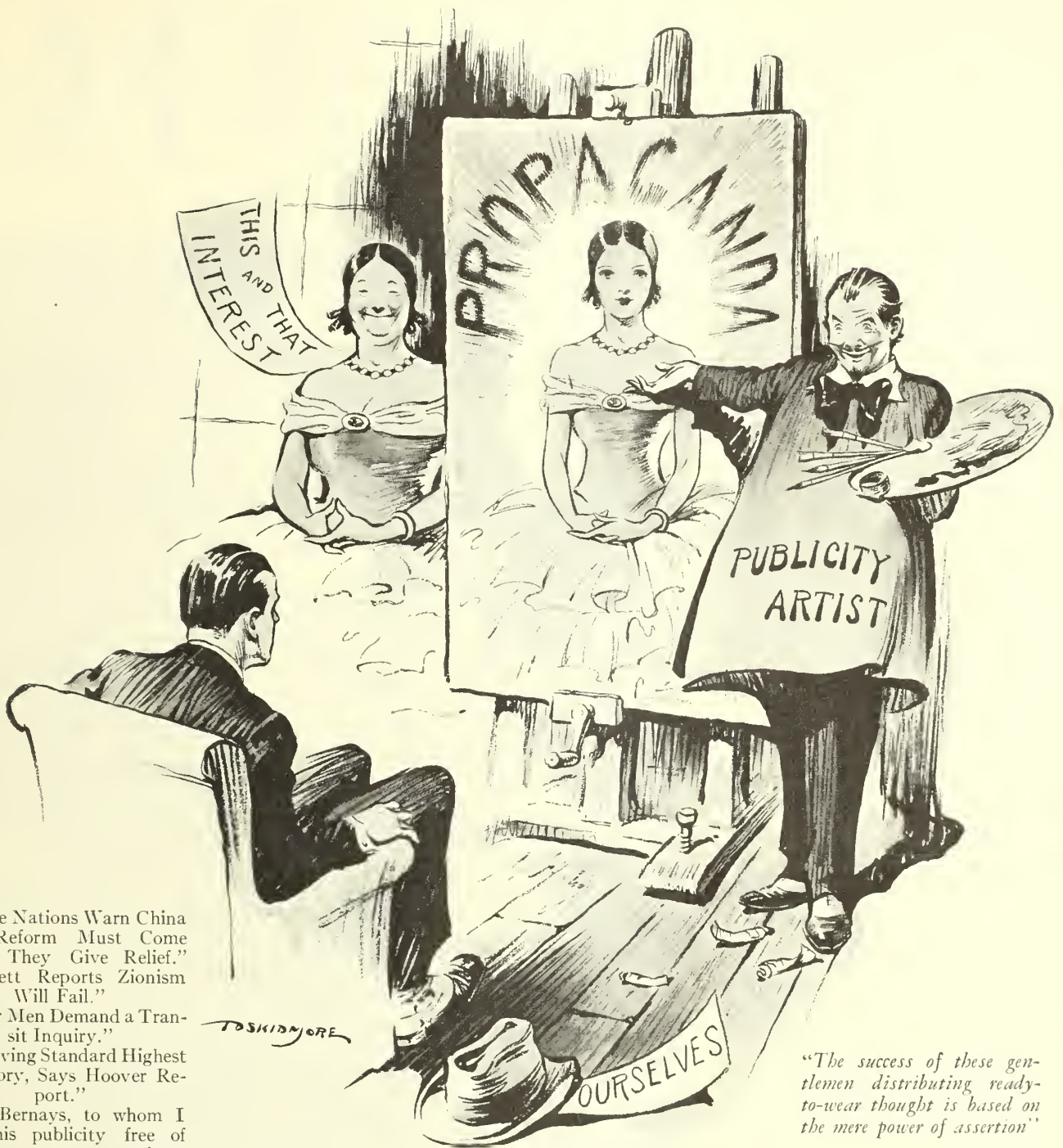
Never forget that propaganda and publicity, no matter how openly the spoon is put into our mouths, no matter how pure and true the dose, none the less is a one-sided assertion. The power of a one-sided assertion to run until no one can catch it has never to my knowledge been set forth by the profession of "public relations" and of propagandists—which profession often is and occasionally and decidedly isn't of real service to our mind-hungry, thought-saving, canned-intellect civilization.

What then are the kinds of assertions for which millions are expended every day outside the field of regular advertising? And who are these fellows of resource and ingenuity who spread them over us or cause them to enter our beliefs with such fine narcotic hands?

Modern propaganda assertions are more varied and diverse than the fish of the sea. There are assertions about governments and about debentures, about resources of the earth and about mind-cures, about corporations and about corpulence, about styles and about stogies, college endowments and dried milk, the underpaid dentist and the hair-dressing in Hollywood. No longer does the field belong to the old press agent whose name was associated by us with bill-boards and road shows, who bally-hooed yesterday, and tomorrow slapped his thigh when he thought of having a dancing bear or a boy painted red lead the street parade of the minstrels.

To the public the "publicity man" is still the stunt man of the days of Barnum, the man who arranged flag-pole sittings, who got the police commissioner to allow the actress of the moment to pose as a traffic cop. For the most part popular opinion connects the publicity man's scope with the theatre, with circuses, in rare cases with the cracking up of interest in a new and usually bogus product. Popular opinion realizes vaguely however that its interest is attracted to habits in sleeping, smoking, eating, working and playing by some unseen force. Yet publicity remains still with most of us a word synonymous with press-agentry, free space, puffery. That "propaganda" is the arm of the invisible government which "moulds our minds" is a fact of which most of the public is completely ignorant. It does not know that there are few businesses or activities in America today which do not receive as a necessary stimulus to their existence a certain amount of publicity and usually buy it. Excepting such news as earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, fires and hot headed crime, events beyond man's beliefs and control, there is hardly a story printed in the papers which is not publicity for or against someone or something, directly planned, or becomes publicity because an event is made to yield a lesson by the way in which the event is set forth.

An analysis of the front page of a metropolitan daily newspaper yields astounding results. Try it yourself! Edward Bernays, who is one of the foremost publicity men in the country, points out that in one issue the front page had eight important news stories, four of which had been furnished by propaganda sources. Take these headlines:



"Twelve Nations Warn China Real Reform Must Come Before They Give Relief."
 "Pritchett Reports Zionism Will Fail."

"Realty Men Demand a Transit Inquiry."

"Our Living Standard Highest in History, Says Hoover Report."

Mr. Bernays, to whom I give this publicity free of charge, goes on to analyze:

"The article on China explains the joint report of the Commission on extra-territoriality in China, presenting an exposition of the Powers' stand in the Chinese muddle. What it says is less important than what it is. It was made public by the State Department today with the purpose of presenting to the American public a picture of the State Department's position. Its source gives its authority and the American public tends to accept and support the State Department view."

"The report of Dr. Pritchett, a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, is an attempt to find facts about the Jewish colony in the midst of a restless Arab world. When Dr. Pritchett's survey convinced him that in the long run Zionism would 'bring more bitterness and more unhappiness both for the Jew and the Arab' his point of view was broadcast with all the authority of the Carnegie Foundation so that the public would hear and believe the statement by the press. The reports of Secretary Hoover and the Real Estate Board of New York are peculiar attempts to influence the public toward an opinion!"

It is evident that not only business as such calls for publicity; politics, international affairs, social life, the church, everything we have to do with must become known to us before we give ourselves to it as a cause, or make use of it in our daily lives. Publicity is therefore the means of giving the world mass pro-

duction in articulation. When Moses sent two spies ahead of the Israelites into the Promised Land and instructed those spies to bring back with them the fruits of that land, that was as nicely calculated a piece of publicity as any campaign prepared today. Christianity grew by word-of-mouth publicity; the American patriots who incited the colonists to rebel were expert publicity men. Patrick Henry with his speeches, Sam Adams with his cruder distributing system but with the same instinct as inspires the affluent but honest public relations counsel and the broadcaster of honest causes today. The early American statesmen moulded public opinion to their beliefs. We may note in passing that they maintained their amateur standing.

There is a fast growing and enormous amount of publicity for individuals. A young society girl, beautiful, wealthy, having everything she wants on this earth, nevertheless hires a personal publicity man. Why? She doesn't know exactly. She thinks it's a good thing to have—a part of her outfit. So her man sees that only very complimentary stories reach the papers, only the most flattering pictures, and in addition offers her a fame her life and looks certainly have not created. If you are of New York society today a publicity man, so it is generally whispered, is essential. Perhaps the (Continued on page 58)

"The success of these gentlemen distributing ready-to-wear thought is based on the mere power of assertion"

THE fourth instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories is printed herewith. Another instalment will appear in the August issue, and the final stories will be printed in September. The last day for receipt of contributions to the contest was June 20th.

BIG

A LOST VOICE RETURNS \$100 Prize

MY PLATOON commander asked me a question in the classroom of the Army Candidates School, Ft. Bonnelle, Langres, France. But I never answered him!

When I attempted to, not a sound issued from my throat. What had a few moments before been a strong voice was only a weak whisper. There had been no warning—the loss was as sudden as death at the front.

Doctors said I might never speak above a whisper again—gas exposure and flu had robbed me of a priceless possession.

Several weeks later, eight of us occupied the front compartment of a car in an exclusively American leave train bound for southern France. I remember some of those eight—R. L. Lightfoot, Graves, L. W. Wheeler, and George W. Potter.

Shortly after leaving Dijon we heard what seemed like scratching and kicking against the car's front wall. "Frogs beating their way," someone said. "Let's let 'em in, they'll freeze out there," urged another.

We pounded the wall. Soon a head wearing a blue "brain-blanket" peered in an end window. We motioned the poilu in. He spoke to another and made cautiously for the door. Our train was speeding south.

Just as the Frenchman grabbed the outside door handle, Potter thoughtlessly released the catch. The door flew open and swung the man out over the opposite track. Just then we all became poignantly aware of the headlight of a train coming the opposite way, an up train on the down track!

The French soldier struggled frantically but futilely to get back. He never uttered a sound, but his pleading, terror stricken eyes wrenched our hearts. He must surely die unless the door could be closed.

We were all frozen into inaction by the sudden and terrible situation. My horror was as great as the doomed man's—it seemed an eternity before my brain began functioning—I could not see another man die.

Sucking my lungs full of air, useless as I knew it to be, and hoping a loud whisper would stir those nearest the door to action, I yelled, "For God's sake, shut that door!"

Potter, a powerful man, assisted by another who sprang to his aid, braced himself against the jamb and pulled the door shut. The passing train thundered by, tearing the Frenchman's overcoat from his body, but he was safe.

It was my Big Moment when I realized that my voice had returned—even if I was scared out of ten years' growth getting it back.—THOMAS R. THOMPSON, *Fort Lyon, Colo.*

EXIT THE COLONEL \$50 Prize

ONE Big Moment which occurred at Camp Sevier, Georgia, impressed itself so indelibly upon my mind that it cannot



The door flew open and swung the man out over the opposite track. At the same

soon be forgotten. I was a shavetail assigned to a new regiment. The officers of my own outfit had inspired the newcomer with the proper amount of awe and reverence, but none appalled me more than the colonel of the regiment of M. P.'s which was camped next to us. Colonel V—— was one of the strictest disciplinarians in the army. A little man, he made up in dignity and sharpness of command what he lacked in physical size. It was whispered that even the general walked circumspectly in his presence.

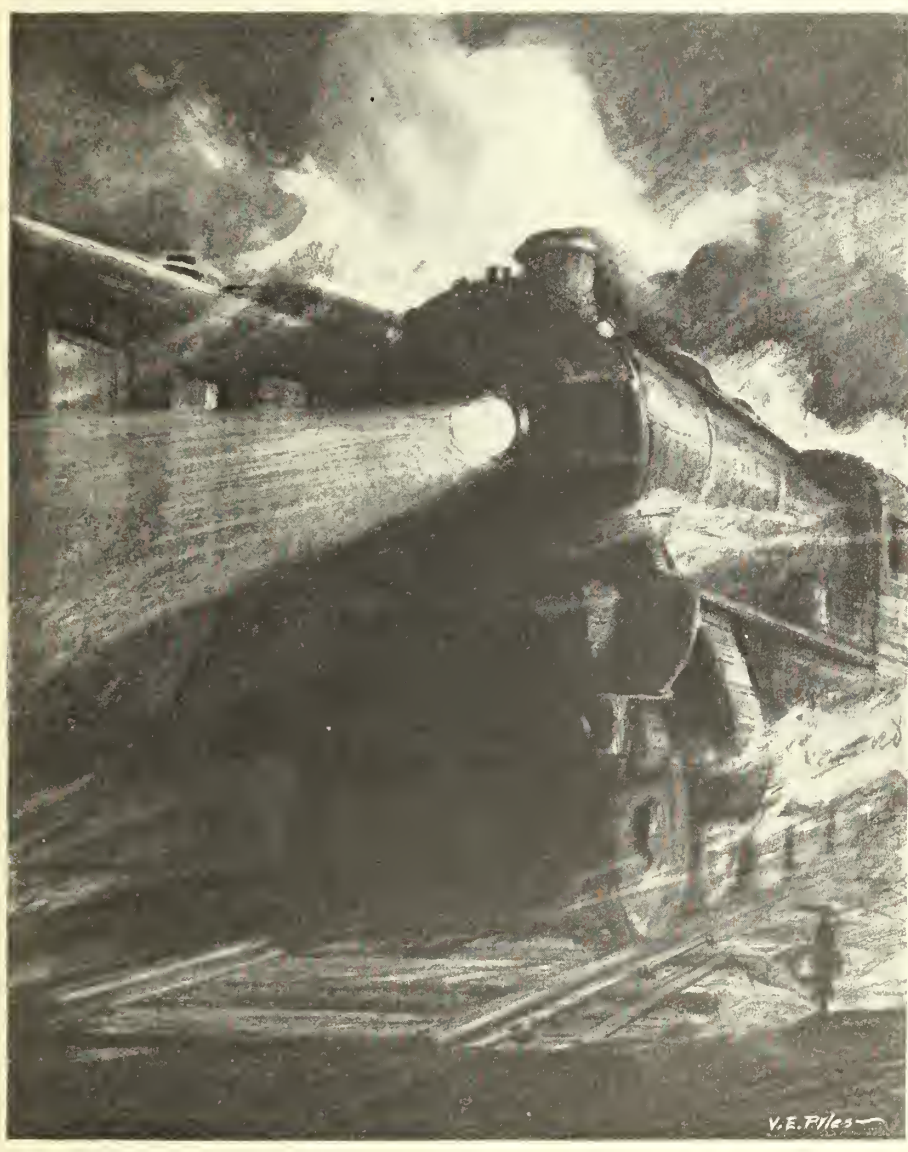
Fire-alarm sounded in our area of camp one night. The more recently promoted officers obeyed regulations and appeared promptly dressed for service. The other officers of our company had their overcoats thrown over their pajamas, expecting in a few moments to return to their interrupted sleep. A little figure strutted by. It was Colonel V——. We stood at rigid attention even in the dark.

"One or two of you men come with me," he ordered, "and we will see where the fire is."

Our crowd, seeing that I was the only one dressed to pass his scrutinizing gaze, shoved me toward him while they slunk off in

MOMENTS

*Illustrations
by V.E. Pyles*



moment we all became poignantly aware of the headlight of an approaching train!

the shadows. We, the colonel and I, found the fire, saw it extinguished, and were returning toward his quarters through one of his company streets. If recall had sounded, we had not heard it, though the company was not in sight and the last lights were being extinguished in the tents. The first sergeant's tent was in darkness, that over-worked official having returned to the warmth of his blankets. Turning back the flap of the tent, the colonel stepped in and asked:

"Has recall sounded, Sergeant?"

The sergeant had been disturbed just once too many times that night. He thought the intruder some pestiferous corporal from his own outfit. The colonel had no sooner spoken the words than the hot-headed non-com tore out of his bunk with an oath, crying,

"You get the blankety-blank out of here before I break open your head!"

With this he seized the colonel by the collar and hurled him through the door with a whirl and force typical of the efficiency of first sergeants. The little colonel came whirling from that tent

JULY, 1930

like a bowling ball, knocking me over like a ten-pin by the suddenness of his impact. Colonel V—— searched a moment for something in the dark. It was his swagger stick. Recovering it and his usual dignified composure at the same time, he quietly remarked, "I guess the sergeant is not in very good humor this morning," and walked off calmly to his quarters.—
PERCY M. HICKCOX, *Chicopee Falls, Mass.*

SAVED—ONE LEG
\$50 Prize

JULY 2, 1918, Evacuation Hospital No. 7, France, where I had been taken after I collided with a shell marked with my name and was told by the doctors that both of my fractured legs would have to be amputated. Well, I was a heartbroken kid. Being of small stature I weighed only about 120 pounds stripped, at my best, and believe me all of it was muscle. And then I was told that I would lose both legs, which to me meant to be strapped to a wheelchair for the rest of my life, as I did not know a thing about artificial limbs then.

Well the Big Moment came when coming out of the ether I tried to throw the bed covers over so that I could see in what shape the doctors had left me, but the nurse wouldn't let me. She told me to keep quiet and as I could not move much on account of pain I lay still for a while, when I noticed something sticking up from under the covers just about where I figured my right foot should be. On asking the nurse what it was I was told it was a splint. I'd been in this country for only three and one-half years before enlisting, so you wouldn't

expect me to know what a splint was, but after she explained it to me I realized that they were giving my right leg a chance. Well, I don't think I will ever have a happier moment in my life.

I might say that that same leg is still carrying me around, even though it is a little crooked, assisted by an artificial left leg.—
ANDREW PAGOMENOS, *Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

BACK FROM THE SHADOWS
\$25 Prize

ST. GEORGE'S WARD, American Red Cross Hospital No. 21, Torquay.

Five patients already back from the operating room and now the sixth wheeled in. One nurse assigned to watch life flutter in—or out—of these feeble pulses. Ward overcrowded, 110 beds where eighty-six should be. Some, able to be up, shuffled about carefully—a crutch thumped—Thomas splints grated against iron beds—Balkan frames squeaked as weights and pulleys moved to relieve the agony in arms and legs. Eager faces lifted

here and there to ask, "Will he go west?" The nurse pleaded for quiet. Four times before (or was it five?) Private Hunt had gone to the white "theatre" and come back to her. Lieutenant Cunningham desperately trying to save a leg, shattered from knee to toe. "He's got a wife and children, you know." Hunt had begged for amputation twice before. Would his nerve and courage carry him through again? Couldn't they keep quiet?—give him his chance? Her finger on his pulse—minutes were hours. What now? Bells? Ringing at eleven in the morning? Whistles rent the air—a cry at the door—pandemonium in the ward! Nothing could hush them now. Hunt's low voice. "What is it?" "The war's over." "Did they amputate?" "No."

Another morning came. Hunt again in the theatre. The nurse vainly trying to convince the O. D. that he must have a private room. "He's done, I tell you. They'll save his leg and take his mind. Every nerve he's got is in shreds. Every sound is torture. He *can't* wake up in here! What do you think this is, Mayo's De Luxe?" Well, she'd take it to the adjutant herself. Back in the ward she was joyfully gathering together Hunt's personal trifles. "He's going to have a private room. And a special nurse for today." An orderly hurried in. "Hunt's gone west. In the theatre." What was the use.

An hour later O'Connor clutched her arm. "Hunt's ALIVE. I saw it myself. They couldn't give an anaesthetic—heart went bad. Tried a spinal but he passed out before they began to cut. Lieutenant Cunningham was all broken up. He'd amputate anyway. Never too late to learn how to save the next leg. Nothing for us to do—just look on. Everybody watching dead blood gush and then—a voice behind us. Good God! Hunt was sitting up on the table. An orderly fainted. Hey! Listen, lady, Hunt wants you to hurry up and have a look. He's in a swell room all by himself in the main building. Can you beat it in this man's Army?"

My Big Moment.—MARY E. BANGASSER, *Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.*

BACK HOME \$25 Prize

IT WAS just two months before Christmas. I was sitting by the fireplace with the youngsters by my side, telling them of their daddy Over There, what wonderful things he was doing and yet what suffering he had been through. He was in the hospital four times; each time he got well and back on the job. I told them just what kind of a life I imagined it to be.

We were looking forward to the time when he would be home with us all again. The children said a prayer for him and climbed upstairs and into their little beds. I started to write a letter to our loved one. I had written only two lines when a loud knock came at the door. It was a telegram saying "Pvt. Lewis W. Chapman of Company C, 6th Engineers, has been killed in action."

Oh, what a moment! I kept it from the children for three days. Then I broke the sad news.

It made us the most unhappy group. Time went on, with Christmas near at hand. What joy we used to have fixing what little we had to make a merry Christmas for the kiddies! I put in a claim for the insurance which I was entitled to.

Then Christmas day was upon us. The children go up to see



what Santa Claus has left them. What an unhappy look on all their little faces and what a feeling in my heart.

Just then we heard some one whistling. It was a familiar whistle. We all listened. It came nearer and nearer. Some one at our door. The children and I open that door. We couldn't believe our eyes. There stood their dear daddy.

We still have our daddy—and five more little sisters and brothers, also.—MRS. MARGUERITE CHAPMAN, *Islington, Mass.*

THE LOOP-THE-LOOP GIRL \$25 Prize

IT was in November, 1917, that I visited Nancy for the purpose of purchasing motor equipment to drive the great battery of presses at the base printing plant at Langres, operated by the 29th Engineers.

Just prior to this, the French government had issued orders prohibiting the Americans from purchasing materials of this nature in excess of five thousand francs without first obtaining authority from the local zone major.

With the assistance of a young lieutenant, who was acting as interpreter, the equipment was located and orders given to set it aside until permission to purchase

it could be obtained. The day was cold and the rain, which later turned to sleet, did not help our morale. It was around 5 p. m. when we entered the zone major's office and found him seated at a desk in a large, well furnished room. Before starting the conversation, I said to the lieutenant, "Now listen, don't talk all night to this Frog; I am tired, cold and hungry; tell him what we want and let's get out." After finishing my little speech, the major, in almost perfect English, replied, "All right, Captain, you will not be required to converse very extensively with this Frog. What can I do for you?" I at once realized my mistake, came to attention and offered an apology; he in turn replied. "That's all right, I understand, but talking out of turn like this will cost you the price of a supper." This I gladly agreed to, but before eating, asked the major to tell us where he learned his English. He replied, "The same place you did, and not only that, you possibly helped pay for it!" I said, "That's interesting; tell us the story," and with a broad grin on his face he began: "You have no doubt attended Barnum and Bailey's circus in the States and remember seeing the girl in long curls seated in an automobile, speeding down a steep incline and making the spectacular loop-the-loop? Well, I was the girl! Let's eat!"—W. W. KIRBY, *Washington, D. C.*

WITH PERSHING AND DAWES \$25 Prize

ABOUT five years ago General Dawes, his brother and General Pershing arrived in Nebraska, as guests of Mark Woods of Lincoln. The object was to hunt ducks in the Sand Hills. Along with these prominent men were a party of sixteen others, all friends and prominent men. I being on the staff of Pathé News received a wire from New York office to cover the event, but the general and Vice President had requested Mr. Woods not to allow any cameramen, either still or movie, on the trip, and naturally Mr. Woods wasn't allowing any. But this never bothers a cameraman much, so when the private train pulled out, I was on board in No. 12 berth. Pershing had the compartment right in front of me. We arrived at a small station in

Sand Hill early in the morning. I got out with the rest of the party, threw my camera, etc., on a baggage truck as one of the party, and we started for the ranch where headquarters were to be. As soon as we got there everyone started putting guns together and getting ready for some hunting. I didn't dare set up my outfit in the yard so just stood around until all the party had left in small Ford cars. One old bus still stood in the yard and I asked a cow puncher who owned it. He said, "I do." So I hired him to follow Vice President Dawes.

We arrived at a small body of water in time to see Dawes go into his duck blind and I set up my outfit. At noon he came ashore for lunch, and of course I was cranking him as he landed. He came right up to the camera and said, "What do you think you are doing?" So I told him. He said, "So you are a soldier." He had noticed my Legion button. I said I was. "What outfit?" he demanded. I said "First Division, attached to 2d Field Battalion." He said, "Who was colonel?" I said, "Truesdale." O. K. again. He said, "Who was major?" I answered, "Paddock." O. K. again. "What villages about Cantigny?" I told him Mesnil, St. Firman, Villers Ternelle, Vonvillers. He said O. K. again, adding, "I know you were there. Do you know General Pershing?" I said not personally, but that I had made many pictures of him at his headquarters. He said, "Come and lunch with me." Well, I felt fine as I knew I was sitting pretty. He insisted I also go back in his car with him, and he took me into the hunting lodge and said, "You stay with this party; anybody who was a soldier with us overseas is O. K."

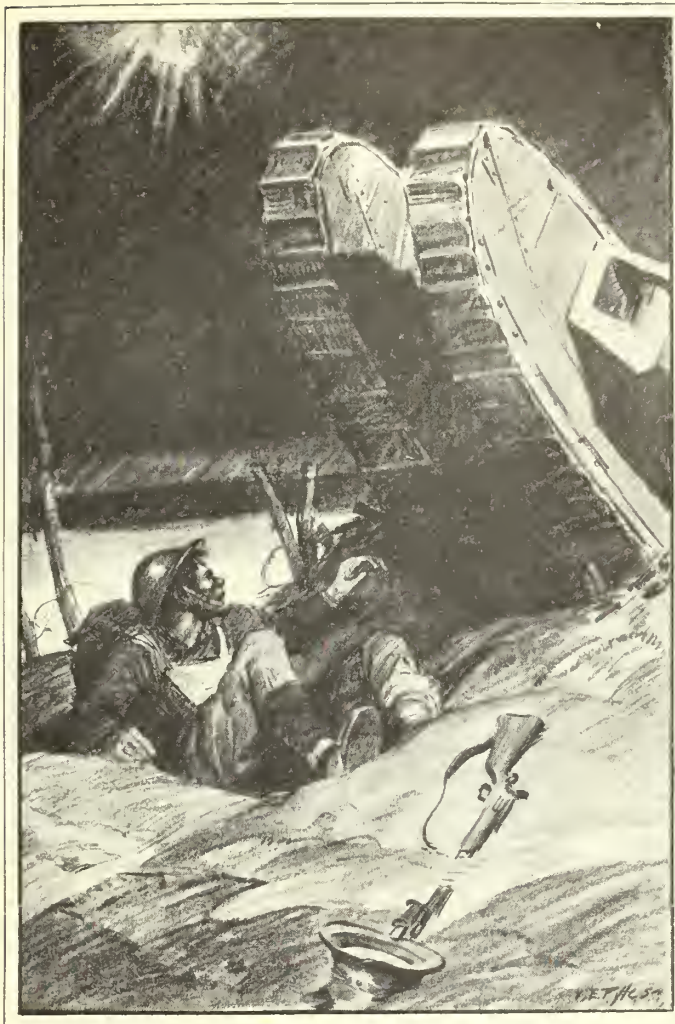
He then said, "General Pershing, here is one of your old First Division boys." Pershing, to my surprise, called me by name, and said, "I want you to make some good movies of me tomorrow while I hunt prairie chickens." I stayed to dinner with them feeling 'way out of place, but I kept up a running fire of answers to questions they all shot at me. Then Pershing said, "As an ex-service man, Trabold, how do you and the other boys feel about this war debt question?" I said, "General, I have five hundred bucks to go to France laid away for our next convention, but I am not spending it. Let them folks pay us first." Then Dawes explained for my benefit the whole Dawes plan. It was away over my head, but it was a big moment for an ex-sergeant. Overseas they would never have seen me.—E. R. TRABOLD, *Omaha, Neb.*

BROUGHT DOWN BY RIFLE FIRE

\$10 Prize

THE big all-American drive of the St. Mihiel salient, September, 1918, was in progress—and how! It started on September 12th and the 15th found the Fifth Regiment, Second Division, dug in on the top side of a hill overlooking Thiaucourt.

It was about noon when I noticed an enemy plane coming toward our line. My eyes were fixed on it and after a few minutes of stunts above us, to my surprise it came closer to the ground and then pointed its nose directly for our position. Regardless of orders, when I saw that plane and heard its engine roar I raised my rifle and fired. It passed over our heads at about twenty-five feet altitude and crashed in the valley below. My big moment had arrived. I had brought down a plane which came to destroy us.



For the next two weeks about two hundred claimed the same honor, as they did exactly as I did.

There were two German soldiers in the plane—a sergeant who was dead and a lieutenant with several wounds.

I saw my buddies take the lieutenant from the wrecked plane and an ambulance rush him to our field hospital. I often wondered if he lived.—MARTIN L. BARRY, *Albany, N. Y.*

BUT HE COULD NOT DRINK \$10 Prize

THE drive for Grand Pré was in full blast. Wounded men were receiving attention from the few medical men stationed in the abandoned church in Lancon. We were serving the wounded with hot drinks. Shortly before noon, following the zero hour, arrived three wounded enemy soldiers. One past forty, the other two youngsters. Space in the church was at a premium. It was more so in the ambulances. The major ordered the prisoners placed in the condemned part of the church, where once the altar stood.

Making the rounds with a pot of chocolate I saw the prisoners. Their eyes begged a drink. I went over to them and served the two youngsters, who happened to be nearest

to me. Then I turned toward the elderly one. A bandage encircled his head and around his chin. He looked up at me, as I offered him a drink, and shook his head. I noticed that blood trickled from his mouth.

I shall never forget the look in that man's eyes. I saw hunger, thirst, pain, heartache for loved ones, and dire misery. I knew he would exchange almost anything for a cup of chocolate, yet he could not drink. Then a tear rolled down his cheek and I stood there, facing an enemy soldier, and more than one tear rolled down my own cheek.

A machine gun bullet had severed his jawbone on both sides, I learned later from the major.

A sad big moment.—JOHN BOLAN, *Hackensack, N. J.*

BODYGUARD TO THE PRESIDENT

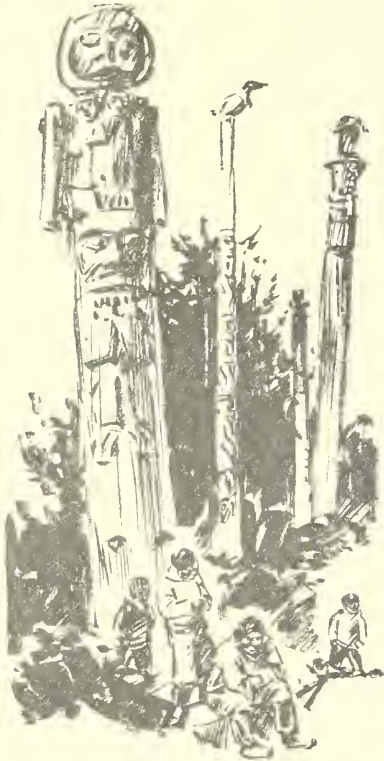
\$10 Prize

I WAS just a shave-tail on leave—for the first time in that man's war. I arrived in Paris looking for adventure, and I got it!—in a way I didn't expect.

I had been out late Saturday night, December 14, 1918 (I remember the date well), and when I awoke on Sunday morning I read in the Paris edition of the *Herald* that President Wilson and his party were to worship in the little American church in the Rue de Berri. When I read the notice it was half-past eleven, and I knew that services must be nearly over. But I decided I wanted to look at the commander-in-chief. I took the "Métropolitain" and arrived at the Rue de Berri to find the church surrounded by a dense crowd of thousands of people. A doughboy told me there wasn't a Chinaman's chance to get near the church, but I elbowed my way along through beves of nurses and Y secretaries, through cordons of gendarmes, and finally arrived at the entrance.

I continued my course until just as I had forced my way into the church a huge fellow, obviously American, easily six feet five in height, and in civilian clothes, put his heavy hand on my shoulder, and I visioned myself being ejected more rapidly than I came in. But the tone of his voice (Continued on page 54)

REAL FAMILY



Legionnaires of Ketchikan, Alaska, Post grouped about one of the largest of the Indian totem poles which they brought from Tongass Island

EVEN when the Army goes to sea there is need for a good cook. And largely because representatives of the Ketchikan, Alaska, Post of The American Legion were able to select from their group a willing culinary artist, their expedition to scenic Tongass Island on the fringe of the Pacific Ocean to obtain historic Indian totem poles met with distinct success—and the army men, bull-cook and all, proved themselves sailors extraordinary.

It was while K. A. Drager was post commander that Roy Jones suggested the practicability of obtaining the beautifully carved totem poles, long regarded as major tourist attractions, so that they might be treated with preservatives and placed at some conspicuous location in Ketchikan. Indian villages adjacent to Ketchikan practically all have marvelous examples of the early Indian sculpture, each of which tells its own peculiar story. But the Indians have guarded these treasures carefully, and were averse to letting the white man take them from the original sites because in some cases their ancestors were buried beneath the totems.

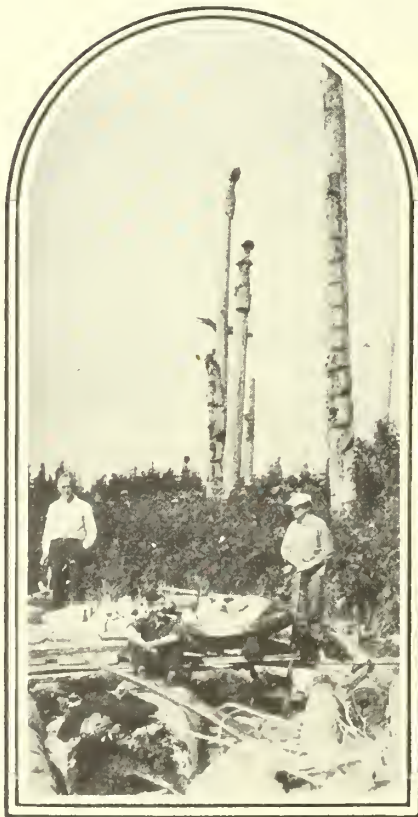
Representatives of the Smithsonian Institution and other similar organizations had made efforts to obtain representative collections of the totems, but in each instance either the opposition of the Indians or the decayed condition of the available poles made the venture impracticable.

Ketchikan Legionnaires, knowing the ways of the Indians and where were the best available totem poles, felt that their efforts

might meet with more success, and committees were set at work immediately. For months they engaged in correspondence and met various Indians who own the totems, endeavoring to arrange satisfactory terms. First of all, decision was made to make earnest efforts to obtain those totems which remained standing on Tongass Island. Then government permission was obtained from the Governor of Alaska and from the United States Forest Service, which exercises jurisdiction over the islands and forests of southern Alaska.

Then came the most difficult task of all: soliciting the amicable co-operation of those Indians who own the desired totem poles and whose superstitious beliefs make the removal of the objects an almost impossible task. After several months' hard work with the natives, they were persuaded. As it is, the poles remain the property of the Indians, but will be kept in a Ketchikan park accessible to inspection by the thousands of tourists who come to southeastern Alaska every year.

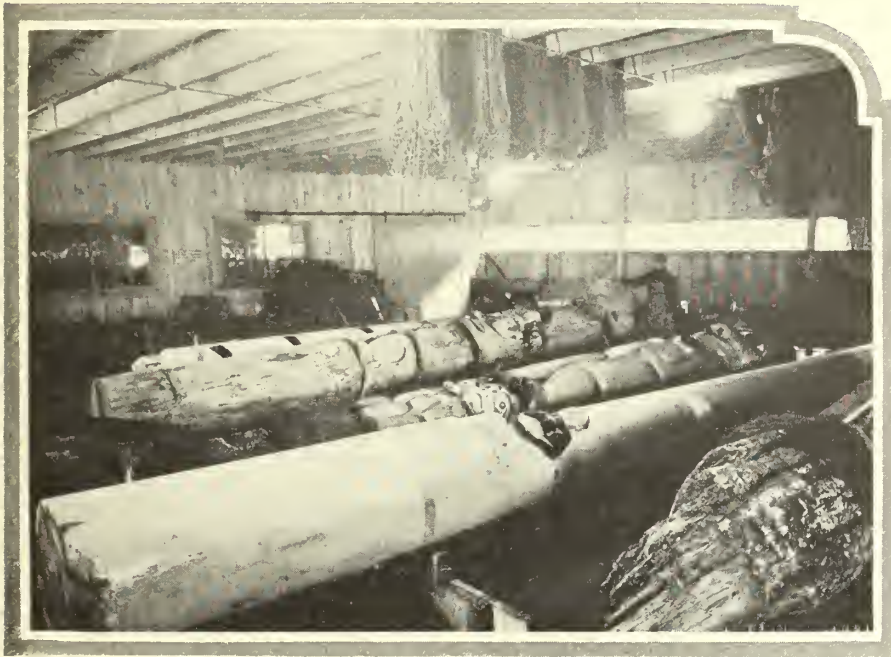
Once the satisfactory arrangements had been made with the natives, a delegation of Ketchikan Legionnaires chartered a small boat in which they made the trip to Tongass Island. Here they worked for four days, carefully taking down the poles which many years ago were carved from immense cedar trees, and removing them to Ketchikan. Already signs of decay were apparent; so Heinie Breuner, a member of the Ketchikan post whose flair for artistic sculpture and whose skill with a paint brush were well known to the others, was installed in a big Ketchikan warehouse with a half dozen totem poles, to rehabilitate and treat them for preservation. The result of his work has been viewed and commended by the Indians, by the Legionnaires, and by the mayor and representatives of the civic bodies of Ketchikan.



Part of a work detail engaged in taking down the poles from their original sites

TREES

By ROY
ANDERSON



Many of the totem poles needed repairing and refurbishing. Here they are in a shed awaiting the expert attention of Legionnaire Heinie Breuner



There remained only the task of transporting and raising the poles in the Ketchikan city park. Plans were made to do this with elaborate ceremonies.

Members of the Tongass Island expedition were Captain William Barton of the U. S. L. H. tender *Fern*, J. A. Talbot, Jr., Leith Russell, bull-cook, Heinie Breuner, Bert Fitzwilliams, K. A. Drager, J. W. Kehoe, Major Jasper Quist. Since word of the Ketchikan post's efforts to obtain these totem poles has been carried about the country, hundreds of inquiries have been received. These inquiries exhibit the usual curiosity of the traveler or the student in this strangest of Indian arts. Many have indicated their intention of coming to Ketchikan to see the interesting display, and all of Ketchikan has voiced its satisfaction and extended congratulations to the post for its success in making the arrangements.

Contrary to a popular belief, these totem poles were not objects of worship. Rather they told, in a pictorial form, something of historic events, an Indian legend or a bit of family history. One of the totem poles removed from Tongass Island by the Legionnaires, for instance, is known throughout Southeastern Alaska as the "Bear Totem." This is a long cedar pole on the face of which several black marks are made. On the very top crouches a bear. The black marks indicate the footprints he left as he climbed the pole. Some believe that this totem placed in front of a hut means its owners are members of the bear clan.

Others of the poles tell less simple things. One, as an example, relates the story of the "Wayward Husband." In its strange pictorial form, the historic carving shows how an Indian, tiring of his Indian wife, deserted her to live with a brown bear. As a result of this illicit union, two cubs were born to the female bear. But soon the Indian



Ticklish business this, transporting the poles, many of them badly decayed

tired of his new mate, and began sneaking out to rejoin his Indian wife for brief periods. As the cubs grew up, they became suspicious and watched their Indian father. One night they detected him entering and leaving the home of his Indian wife, and as he returned to the bears' cave they pounced upon him and killed him. So this totem and its attendant story stands very likely as a warning to the Indian, and as an indication of his moral code.

A third totem obtained at Tongass Island is known as the "Flood Totem." A carving at the top represents the raven, which to the Indian was the principal god—the source of all power and authority. The pole shows how legend informed Alaskan natives of the big flood that covered the earth. The raven, god that he was, swooped out of the sky to clutch three infant Indians and fly with them to the highest mountain peak, where he remained until the flood had receded, and with these three Indian children the raven repopulated the world. At the base of the Flood Totem is a carving which represents the frog, the only creature, according to legend, besides the Indian children to survive the rush of the waters.

Another of the poles removed to Ketchikan by the Legion tells the story of the coming of Vancouver, the explorer, to the Alaskan coast. This, of course, is an example of those poles designed to tell of an historic event. The tall shaft is marked by a bust sculpture of Vancouver and by a replica of his ship—the first of its

(Continued on page 64)

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Twelve Thousand Who Rate an Education



HERE are in the United States approximately twelve thousand boys and girls whose fathers were killed in action or died of wounds or other causes during the World War. Two thousand and seventy-five of the twelve thousand—about one-sixth—were eighteen years of age or older on January 1st. The war legally terminated on July 2, 1921, so that the youngest of the twelve thousand must already have passed his eighth birthday.

There are so few of the twelve thousand in any one community that as a group they are lost sight of. Those who know of isolated cases of children whose fathers died during the war probably think they are reasonably well provided for by the federal Government, and blame the children themselves, or the short-sightedness of responsible relatives, if they grow up uneducated and untrained.

As a matter of fact, most of these boys and girls are compelled to quit school at an early age and go to work to help support themselves and their widowed mothers, and, in some cases, younger brothers and sisters.

The government compensation is only ten dollars per month for one child, and six dollars for each additional child when there is more than one in a family.

Aside from the meagerness of the allowance, all our pension and compensation laws have been based on the assumption that boys and girls should be self-supporting when they reach eighteen, at which age payments to or for them terminate.

It cannot be denied that the average boy or girl of eighteen is sufficiently developed physically to work, but is it right for this great and rich nation to force its war orphans to begin the battle of life before they have completed their education and training? Should America not rather encourage and aid them to continue their studies, and thereby not only increase their earning capacity but make them better and more useful citizens?

Congress first recognized its obligation to aid the children of deceased service men by the passage in June, 1926, of a bill, introduced by Senator Harris of Georgia, increasing the number of cadets at the United States Military Academy and midshipmen at the Naval Academy by forty at each institution, the additional appointments to be made by the President from among the sons of those who died during the World War.

Had the original vacancies been filled promptly,

approximately four hundred young men could have been educated and trained at these two splendid national institutions before appointments were barred by age limitations. The delay, due principally to the difficulty in reaching potential candidates, has been highly unfortunate, but there is still time for three hundred and fifty youths to receive the benefits of this act.

Many educational institutions of secondary and college grades have offered to co-operate by making substantial concessions to war orphan students, such as free tuition, remission of fees and in some cases remission of room rent in halls and dormitories. In New Jersey, for instance, Princeton University will give free tuition to every war orphan student; Rutgers University will give a scholarship of one hundred dollars to every war orphan, and fourteen other educational institutions have offered free tuition or scholarships to a limited number. In Illinois, Northwestern University has offered one hundred scholarships, two other universities twenty scholarships each, one college fifteen scholarships, four colleges ten each, and seven other institutions a lesser number.

In May, 1928, Congress passed a more important and comprehensive measure which provides for the continuance of the payment of death compensation after the age of eighteen "to any child who is or may hereafter be pursuing a course of instruction at a school, college, academy, seminary, technical institute, or university."

This step was taken by Congress in response to appeals from The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary in furtherance of their purpose to insist on a proper education for the children of those who gave their lives for their country in the World War.

While ten dollars a month, or \$120 a year, will help these boys and girls, no one would suggest that they can support themselves in college on this compensation alone. Not today. Aid from other sources will therefore be necessary to enable them to continue their studies after they have completed courses in local public schools.

Under the program of the Legion and the Auxiliary, State Legislatures have been or will be asked to supplement or match the government compensation by establishing scholarships for war orphans at state educational institutions.

Since education is primarily a function of the States, it is felt that they will do their part now that the federal Government has taken the lead. In fact, four States—Utah, Maryland, Delaware and Connecticut



UNITED WE STAND

—have already put into effect war orphan scholarship acts. This is a type of leadership that should inspire other States.

The Connecticut act appropriates \$200 a year for each child to "be used for the sole purpose of providing for tuition, matriculation fees, board and room rent and books and supplies." The money is paid to the educational institution, not to the child, and it is not in any sense of the word a pension. The provisions of the Utah, Maryland and Delaware acts are similar, except as to the amount appropriated for each child, which is in each case \$150 instead of \$200. Legion and Auxiliary department directors and committees on education of war orphans are now making a systematic canvass of secondary schools, colleges and universities within their respective States. Government compensation, state scholarships and aid from educational institutions, supplemented by the earnings of the children themselves, should be sufficient to cover necessary expenses at most secondary

schools, colleges and universities. In exceptional cases where further assistance is required, appeals will be made to patriotic and philanthropic citizens for contributions, in the form of scholarships or otherwise, or they may be asked to adopt, so to speak, certain war orphans for educational purposes. The money so used will be well spent.

The Legion and the Auxiliary do not mean that every war orphan should go to college. Many will not want or require more than a high-school education for their life's work. The needs of each child should be and will be carefully studied and provided for as far as practicable.

The Legion's purpose, as declared in preambles to resolutions of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary in convention at Philadelphia in 1926, is to see that these boys and girls receive as good an education and as thorough a business or professional training as their fathers would have given them. They rate it.

LIVINGSTON



By
LEONARD
H. NASON

Chapters I-IX in Brief

GRADUATES of a Vermont military academy, Rupert and John Livingston, brothers, have got into the Army, Rupert through the medium of Plattsburg and John by enlisting in the National Guard. John gets overseas early in the fall of 1917, but Rupert, a captain of artillery, is kept in the States until the following summer, when he is sent across with a replacement draft. He hopes that he will be sent up to join his regiment, but is kept in the S. O. S. through the summer and into September. After a harrowing experience as acting adjutant of the permanent camp at La Courtine, with men dying like flies of the flu, he is given a month's leave. In a pile of service records of men going up to the front lines he sees one marked A.W.O.L. Convinced that it is now or never with him if he wants to see anything of front line service, Rupert takes off the A.W.O.L. notation from the papers of Private Gideon Blaney and prepares to answer to the name the next morning.

Chapter X

THE detachment assembled after breakfast in front of headquarters. It was a cold, raw morning, and the fog and the darkness made the work of calling the roll extremely difficult. It saved Rupert from disaster, however, for he felt that he would be surely recognized by somebody, in spite of his changed uniform and his two days' beard.

He could hear the sergeant major muttering over the names, calling out until he was hoarse, then at the point of marking a man absent, having some mysterious person call, "Here!"

Rupert had seen drafts going out before, and he knew that the sergeant major, half asleep, would certify all the men as present, knowing very well that at least half of them would disappear en route. So far so good. The detachment went away to the station, where Lieutenant Plug Mahone awaited them.

"Get away from those cars!" shouted Rupert. "What do you birds know about the front? You never were there!"

"You," he began, when the detachment had halted, "fold in dis way. You, fold in *dis* way. T' rest, stand fast!"

The detachment complied, forming a three-sided square with the lieutenant in the middle.

"I want youse to listen to me!" said the lieutenant. He looked around him impressively. One ear was folded and rolled into a wad of cartilage, and had the appearance of a cud of pink chewing gum stuck on the side of his head. The contours of his face were uneven and bumpy, his forehead shot straight back from his eyebrows, his legs bowed out and his feet turned in. He looked like a gorilla in uniform. Yet he was an efficient officer. His M.P.'s never bothered a man that behaved himself, were never hard-boiled, but never told a soldier to go home twice.

"I been detailed," began Lieutenant Mahone severely, looking about him with lowered brows, "to see if it ain't possible to get a train-load o' you birds up to t' front wit'out half o' yuh goin' over t' hill. I ain't here to make no speeches. I'm just tellin' yuh dat dere ain't gonna be no gittin' off t' train wit'out I give permission. Dere ain't gonna be no takin' booze into t' cars. We got t'ree days to put in in dem box-cars, an' if youse guys wants it to be t'ree days of hell, I'll help all I can to make it hell, an' when I says hell, I means *hell*! I don't want no guy to git on top t' cars, nor to ride in de buggy, nor to lean out t' door. Any guy does is liable to git hurted. If anudder train don't push his face in, I *will*! An' maybe he'll wish dat it was anudder train hit him!"

He glared all around the three sides of the square. "Git me?" he barked. "At ease! Every man take out his canteen!"

Each man complied, and Plug, walking about the square, in-

BROTHERS



Illustrations
by
Harry Townsend

spected each canteen, taking it in his hand and pouring out a little of the contents onto the ground. If the canteen contained water or coffee, it was returned to its owner, but if it contained anything else, the pouring process continued.

"What was you gonna wit' dat?" he would say severely to the guilty soldier, who would only grin and look confused.

"It ain't nuttin' to grin about! Wipe dat smile! You! Gimme your canteen!"

The man next to Rupert had his canteen full of cognac.

"Hm!" said Plug, and asked his usual question.

"I was goin' to take it to keep warm of a night, sir!" replied the soldier.

"You was, huh? Well, I'll keep you warm! I'll see to it dat you ain't cold! If dey was afraid o' us bein' cold, dey'd issue us all out coneyac, wouldn't dey?"

All the time he said this he was reaching out for and inspecting Rupert's canteen, which he discovered to be empty.

"Huh?" growled the lieutenant. "Nuttin' in it? Gonna fill it up at de first gin-mill, huh? Didn't yuh hear de order, 'Every man to fill his canteen'? Too lazy to fill it wit' water an' pour t' water out again?"

Rupert said nothing.

"Youse'll be dam' t'irsty before t'morrer!" went on the officer.

"Go fill it in t' station now! An' take some o' t' water to mow dat lawn wit'!"

He indicated Rupert's bearded cheeks with a spatulate forefinger. Rupert went and filled his canteen. He had not been recognized. And Plug Mahone had stared at him long and earnestly during the conversation about the empty canteen.

Yet who would expect to find the camp adjutant, a captain of cavalry, in the person of an unshaven private of replacements, in a none too clean and obviously salvaged uniform?

Plug found two non-commissioned officers, both sergeants, that he immediately appointed seconds in command. He then divided the detachment into three platoons, and assigned one sergeant to each, he taking charge of the third. The detachment was re-formed, and marched to the waiting cars.

They were not box cars, but ordinary third-class carriages. The men were lined up before them. At the head of the train was an ancient, three-compartment, first-class carriage, the center compartment of which was loaded with cases of canned goods and loaves of bread.

"Umm," muttered Plug, "I'll need four guys for guards on t' chow, an' for to issue it out."

He walked along the line. "You! Fall out an' git in t' first compartment of de chow car! You, fall out, too. You wit' de whiskers, chow car! You big tall fellar, out! Youse four ride in wit' t' chow! Don't leave nobody touch it wit'out orders direct from me! Savvy?"

Rupert and the other three got into the empty forward compartment of the first-class carriage. The rest of the detachment was loaded into the cars, eight into a compartment, until they came to the last car, when they discovered they had three-quarters of a car empty. One man was then taken out of each compartment until this car was filled up, but that left half a dozen compartments with eight men still in them. A clamor of protest arose, which Plug promptly quelled.

"Not a peep out o' no one!" he barked. "Youse guys what got eight in the compartment c'n lump it!"

The arrival of the train to which they were to be attached put an end to further discussion. It was the ordinary way train, and had several carloads of French troops already attached. The American cars were coupled on, after a great deal of hoarse shouting, blowing of cow-horns, and waving of a red flag on the part of the station master, and the train moved away.

"Aha! We're off!" cried Rupert, unable to restrain his satisfaction.

"Yup," agreed the other three. They looked at him soberly.

"What outfit was you with?" they inquired.

"I wasn't with any. I was a casual," he replied. "I came over awhile ago with the July Replacement Draft from Camp Shelby."

"Oh," sniffed the tallest of the three. "We're National Guardsmen. All three of us. Funny he picked us, wasn't it? What part o' the States you from, fellar?"

"Vermont," grinned Rupert; "how about you?"

"Cleveland, by God!" replied the tall man. "Yessir, right off the lakes, all three of us."

They went away through the mountains, climbing slowly all morning. Toward noon they made a long halt to change engines in a railroad yard. Plug immediately descended with his sergeants and posted a guard.

"Youse guys wit t' chow, snap out of it!" he ordered briskly. "Open up some o' dem cases an' issue out one can o' jam, two cans o' bully, an' two loafs o' bread to every guy I send down."

He then went away to the cars and sent one man from each compartment to the chow car.

Meanwhile the guards walked up and down, rifle on shoulder.

The sun shone, the day was fairly warm, and the men ate heartily, swinging their feet from door sills, leaning out the windows, calling to one another to observe a French sentry, wearing an old pre-war uniform of blue with enormous epaulets, or the passage of some member of the opposite sex on the other side of the barrier that surrounded the yard, or the alluring terrace of the Café de la Gare on the far side of the street, where the tables could be seen, and workmen from a nearby munitions plant drinking.

"What's the guy in the epaulets?" demanded the tall man. This one had been addressed as "Blink" by his comrades, probably a corruption of "Blanc," for his hair was the color of tow.

"Anti-aircraft," replied the man called Matty. "Don't yuh see the A. A. on his sleeve?"

"That means 'Armée Auxiliaire,'" said Rupert. "He's a man that's too old or hasn't the physical stamina to go to the front."

"Ah," said the other two, "how'd you know that?"

The fourth man, who had said very little all morning, and was now occupied in spreading jam on bread with a bayonet, came and peered over his companions' shoulders.

"What's he doing there walking up and down with a rifle?" he asked.

"Oh, he's guardin' somethin'," replied Matty. "Maybe the railroad tracks so no one won't tear 'em up an' take 'em away for souvenirs."



"What's he doing walking up and down with a rifle?" asked the fellow bayonet. "Maybe he's guardin' the railroad tracks," said Matty, "so no

"Maybe he's there to keep the rest of them from going over the hill," suggested the fourth man.

He indicated with his jam-covered bayonet a great many French soldiers in all conditions of undress, who wandered up and down in front of the cars occupied by the Americans. They were the soldiers from the forward half of the train, that Rupert had noticed when the Americans had first been attached.

The sudden appearance of a man with a red flag, chanting "En voiture!" put an end to the peaceful scene. The French hurried away as fast as they could to their own cars, the American sentries hastily scrambled into theirs, and Lieutenant Mahone, looking up and down the train, bellowed, "Shut dem doors an' pull in yer necks!"



who was spreading jam on bread with a one won't take 'em away as souvenirs'

THEY came into Chateauroux in the early morning and here the men got down stiffly, to go by squads and wash under the hydrant in front of the station. Lieutenant Mahone lined them up on the platform before the cars and called the roll. All present, to the surprise of even the hardboiled lieutenant.

After a bristling speech in which he assured them that singing or yelling would mean no chow, the lieutenant ordered them back into the cars, leaving the chow guard outside, two on each side. Heads protruded from each compartment. Mahone had a bandolier over his shoulder and this he very ostentatiously tore open, handing a clip each to Rupert and his companion, and ordering them

to shoot any man that tried to leave the cars. Then he disappeared down the platform.

No sooner had he left than loud conversation was heard in the direction he had taken. Some American soldiers had come along and were addressing the men in the cars.

"What outfit, buddy?" they called.

"Forty-fifth, wanderin' Jews!" replied someone.

"Gwan, we ain't got no outfit!" replied another.

"Where yuh goin'?" asked those on the platform.

"Up to the front!" shouted those in the train. They were agreed on that matter.

"Up to the front?" jeered the men on the platform. "The hell you preach! What front? There ain't no front! The war's over, kid, don't you read the papers?"

Rupert's heart stopped beating.

"Whadyuh mean 'over'?" demanded someone in the cars, after a short silence.

"Sure it's over, the Boches are licked. They're gonna sign a armisstis! Front hell! You guys won't never see no front!"

"Stick out your ears," called a man from the cars; "you're fallin' through your collar!"

There was some faint-hearted laughter at this, but it was plain that the men on the platform had the advantage of the argument.

"Get the hell away from those cars!" shouted Rupert suddenly.

"What do you birds know about the front? You never were there!"

To his intense surprise a thunderous cheer rang from the cars.

"Yeh, that's fat enough for yuh!" shouted the men within to those on the platform.

The bearers of ill news seemed confused, either because it was true they had never been at the front, or because they had been ordered away by an armed sentry.

"Oh mother, pull in your service flag, your son's in the S.O.S.!" chanted the humorist in the cars.

"Cut out that singing!" yelled Rupert.

"On your way, you guys!" added Blink, for he had seen the bow-legs and the chunky form of Plug Mahone appear at the far end of the platform.

The soldiers on the platform moved away, muttering among themselves and still jeering in dumb-show at those in the cars. Plug returned, and shortly after a train backed in and the four cars were coupled thereon.

"En voiture!" sang the chef de gare. Toot! shrieked the engine, and they were on their way once more. Rupert shoved his rifle under the seat and leaned from the door-window as the train pulled slowly out.

The passengers who had just descended were moving back along the platform toward the way out. French soldiers on leave, hung with half a dozen musettes apiece, from the necks of which sundry bottles protruded, civilians with bulging paper suitcases, women with huge bundles and holding children by the hand, two or three American soldiers, each with the tiny gingham bag that the Red Cross gave to men in hospitals dangling from his shoulder. Rupert looked at the last of these and suddenly started out of his indifference. Did he know that man? Was that face familiar?

"Joe!" he shouted. "Joe Stink!"

It was Joe! The car was passing within two feet of him. The soldier turned, grinning, to hear his old name called. He looked older than when Rupert had last seen him, and he was pale from hospital.

"Where's my brother?" shrieked Rupert. "John Livingston! Where's John?"

Joe stared straight up into Rupert's face and the smile left his lips as though a sponge had wiped it away. His face whitened beneath its pallor.

"Uh!" he coughed. "Rupe Livingston! Uh! John's—" he stopped, his jaw hanging.

"Where is he?" shouted Rupert, leaning half way out of the window in his excitement. "What happened to him?"

But the train gathered speed, and Joe's face faded into the distance.

"Where is he?" yelled Rupert at the top of his lungs, but Joe made no reply. It seemed to Rupert that he sadly shook his head. Then station, passengers, and Joe blended into one indistinguishable mass, and soon were but a speck in the distance.

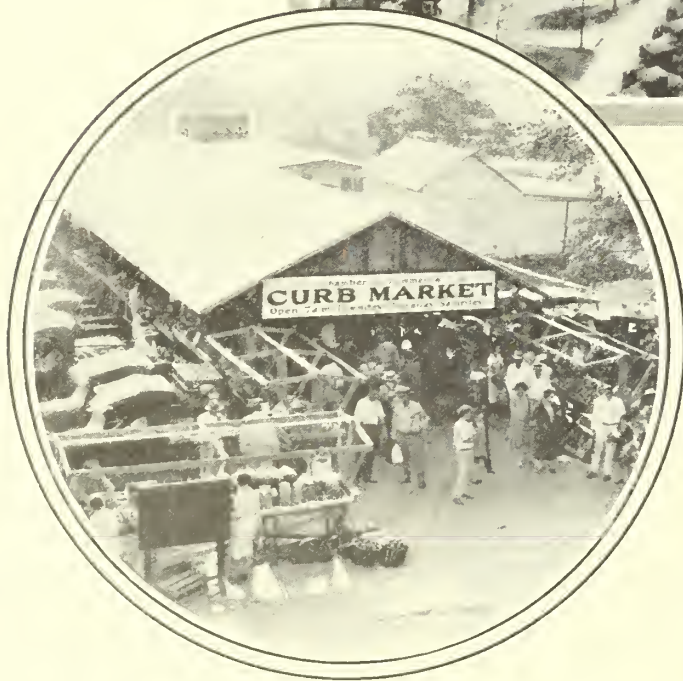
THEY came at twilight to Noisy-le-Sec. Paris! That was Paris over there on the horizon, a smoke cloud against the setting sun. There seemed to be miles and miles of railroad track here, thousands of cars, engines shrieking, trains rattling by, and soldiers everywhere. A long, brown train, made of great cars like Pullmans, each with a red cross on its side, rolled silently by. A hospital train, the first Rupert had seen.

The cars of Rupert's detachment were uncoupled from their train, and backed for an hour from one track to another. At one time they were very near the high fence, crowned with barbed wire, that separated the yard from the street and could see, on the other side, the roofs of trolley cars that went clattering by. Rupert could

(Continued on page 65)

EL DORADO *of*

El Dorado, Arkansas, nine years old in its modern phase of finding in oil the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Legionnaires took an active part in its transformation from boom town to its present state, and one of them is now the Legion's National Commander. Below, the town's curb market, otherwise the produce exchange



By Charles

ing of the Armistice. He saw no active service overseas. But he and his buddies of the Kinard Post found action as much as they craved in Arkansas. In that El Dorado of Black Gold some seventy-four-odd members of the Legion had occasion to play much the same sort of roles as the Vigilantes of California back in the gold rush days, or the law and order committees in Alaska half a century later.

As a word to describe this Arkansas El Dorado my first choice is "bewildering." El Dorado is the kind of place where you can come across a newspaper headline announcing "Another Landmark Goes"; then you discover that the "old board and stucco structure" about to be razed is the Wright Building—erected only half a dozen years before!

"Thus the old must give way to the new," moralizes the El Dorado *Daily News*. "The same scene has been enacted on a dozen other lots in the business district of El Dorado within the past two years, and each time the old city loses its identity for a part of the new one that has been in the making for six years."

The odd circumstance that this city was "prophetically named" may as well be explained here also before we touch off the fireworks. The name El Dorado when first applied to the townsite didn't mean a thing. Way back in 1843, in response to a petition "to locate a seat of justice nearer to the center of the county," a new town was duly laid out and christened El Dorado. The place was not then, nor has it ever been since, a center where precious yellow metal might be mined. Nearly four score years were to pass before a strike of "black gold" gave the name any genuine justification . . .

Then, on a quiet afternoon in January of 1921, the news flashed over telegraph wires that the Busey oil well had come in, spouting 10,000 barrels of high grade oil over the countryside daily. As a seat of justice and a farmers' trading center El Dorado had snoozed long enough. The flash of that dispatch wrought quick and dramatic transformations. Almost overnight this county seat town of around 3,500 inhabitants became a real El Dorado—a frenzied oil boom city of 30,000.

The thing seems incredible; and the resulting chaos is equally difficult to imagine. But the acute discomforts and hardships and perils thus suddenly created were very real. Two special trains came rolling in early the next morning. Both were packed

AS a familiar wall motto would put it, "the world now makes a beaten path" to a door in southern Arkansas; to a house in that bewildering neck of the woods called El Dorado. At least, this holds good for that part of the world consisting of eight hundred thousand Legionnaires. El Dorado is the home of their new National Commander. And there you find another good example, doubtless, of the kind of man who "can make a better mouse trap than his neighbor."

But someone who has met the new Commander face to face will have to write the Bodenhamer biography. All I can hope to do is to throw light on a Bodenhamer background: on El Dorado—prophetically named—where he first proved to the Legion his fitness for leadership. Here he commanded the Roy V. Kinard Post in 1921; at a time when holding such an office in El Dorado was not always like presiding over a Sunday afternoon tea party.

A curious fate for a man who showed such aptitude for the soldier's trade that he could climb, in a Regular Army infantry outfit, from boot-camp recruit in April of 1917 to the rank of major at age twenty-nine in 1919 is that his skirmish line experience did not begin until more than two years after the sign-

BLACK GOLD



The going was plenty rough in 1921 when the first of the oil wells in the El Dorado section came in and everybody used whatever means of transportation came to hand. Eventually, of course, this fortune hunter got out of the slough, which eventually gave way before a good roads campaign. Below, an El Dorado gusher doing it

Phelps Cushing

like a rush hour subway express. A passing freight disgorged at about the same time 150 to 200 unexpected visitors from its side-door Pullmans. All the rest of the day and for days afterward other trains dumped out passengers by companies, by regiments, then hurried back for more. From all points of the compass long black columns of motor cars came struggling down the muddy roads to park in El Dorado's equally muddy, deep rutted, unpaved streets. An Oklahoma man in a hurry "swooped down" from the sky. "Minutes meant millions!" Millionaires—and paupers—were being made hourly. And this in the "hard times winter" of 1921.

Oilmen—leasehounds, rockhounds, roughnecks—adventurers, gamblers, thugs, schoolteachers, pickpockets, hijackers, clerks and business men, oil stock promoters, prostitutes, bootleggers, willing workers and "labor agitators," newspaper men, plain and fancy bums, fortune tellers, hot dog vendors and Coney Island showmen descended in swarms to swell the frightful congestion. Overnight, property leases doubled, quadrupled. Hotels were crammed in a jiffy, at Klondike rates and eight men to the room; later arrivals were happy to rent army cots, hallway floors and tops of billiard tables. "Town billets" included barns, attics, garages, churches and the court-house. The vast overflow slept in shacks, backyards, motor caravans, and under canvas of all sizes from a shelter half to a circus menagerie tent.

Even from all this you get only a glimmering of the real perils of the situation—from such hazards as riot, fire, and epidemic. From drunken brawls, the disorder spread to lawlessness of every sort. The police force to cope with this consisted of three constables. The jail had only one cell. There was scarcely enough water supply for drinking purposes; and its pressure soon dwindled to "nothing worth mentioning." Link with this latter fact a worn-out and antiquated fire-fighting apparatus; add that sanitation for a while became something appalling; and top this off with the simple statement that the city treasury went broke. There you have a Situation.

But El Dorado, the records reveal, managed to cope with this mid-winter emergency; and also with a second unheralded crisis, which arrived under hot suns of August, when the Cates field came in. Never did this community sound an S.O.S. Lawlessness was put down without a call upon the state militia. All fires within the city limits were fought successfully. And no epidem-

ic broke out.

Dig into the records and it will not take you long to find out how large a part in helping to restore normal conditions was played by El Dorado's ex-service men. The police chief, Sam Crawford, a well known character at national conventions for his sobriquet "The Country Major" and his perennial service as sergeant-at-arms for the Arkansas Department, had been major of a sanitary train outfit overseas. The police force had to be augmented, quickly, from three men to twenty. To recruit those ranks ex-service men stepped front and center, with two ex-majors in command. From the man who in those days was the mayor of El Dorado I got this brief explanation: "We needed trained men—who could do things quickly. Naturally, we had to call a lot on ex-service men."

The nature of certain other emergency relief measures—as one might read between the lines even if the mayor had not remarked upon their significance—shows (Continued on page 50)



The WORLD THEIR



Mary Gertrude Haussman of
Union City, New Jersey, class of
1922



Dorothy Elizabeth Wadman of
Libertyville, Illinois, also of 1922

Howard G. Shapiro, of Chicago,
Illinois, still another seven-year old



Norman Rask of
Vermilion, South
Dakota, who is
three years of age

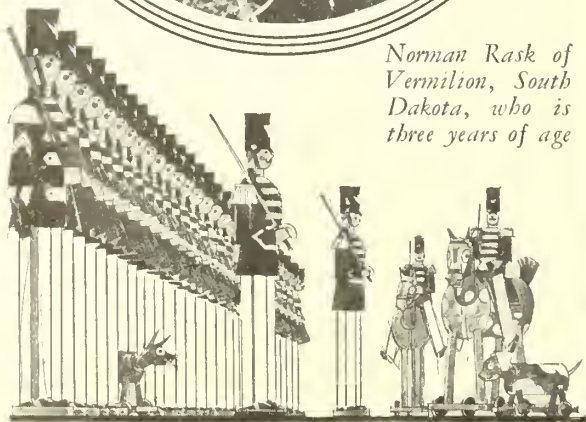
UP TO a dozen or so years ago perhaps the most distinguished birthday anyone in the United States could boast was July 4th. To be sure, February 12th and February 22d are days of impressive significance, but Independence Day overtops them, and carries no such liability as does being born on Christmas Day, when father and mother are



Karl Mack Vansickle of East
Las Vegas, New Mexico,
1927



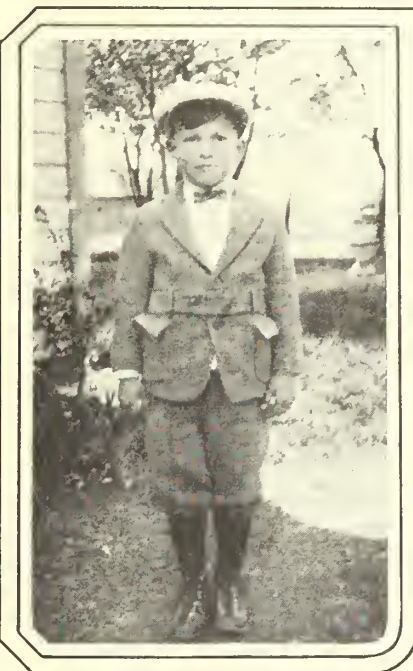
Alva Mortimer McCrory of
Greenville, Kentucky, member
of the 1924 class



CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY



*Catherine Victoria Arriva, Chicago's
delegate from the class of 1925*



*Keith Aldrich Lane of Mountainair,
New Mexico, who arrived in 1921*



*Barbara E.
Lattime of Med-
ford, Massa-
chusetts, a fifth
anniversary
baby*

likely to forget special birthday presents. But since November 11, 1918, Americans join with other peoples on every continent in celebrating the day which ended the most gigantic war in history. To have been born on that day carries real distinction. Here are a few youngsters eligible for membership in a Society of Legionnaires' Sons and Daughters Born on Armistice Day.



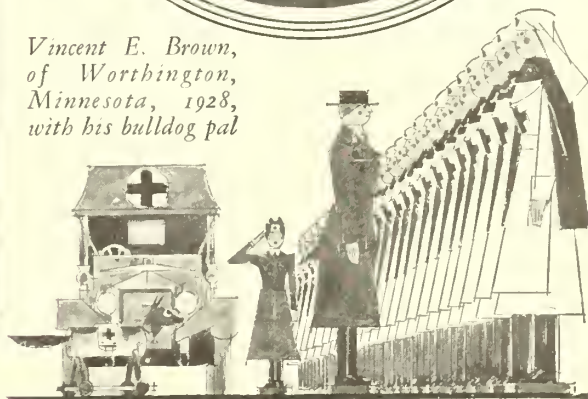
*Edwin R. O'Reilly, 1927, mas-
cot of Erie County (New York)
Voiture of the 40 and 8*



*Joseph Roth of Pontiac, Mich-
igan, is the 1926 member of the
group*



*Vincent E. Brown,
of Worthington,
Minnesota, 1928,
with his bulldog pal*



FAST FREIGHT

By Edward N. Hurley

IT USED to be that a nation had an adequate national defense if it maintained a small standing army, paid to fight the similar professional armies of other nations with which it might come into conflict. Times began to change when Napoleon conquered Europe with armies made up of men recruited from that civil population which previously had played little part in war-making. We all know, from experience, how this trend developed in the World War. Whole populations were involved, every national resource was bent to the need for victory.

As never before, shipping was disclosed as an essential to national defense. Only those who were intimately concerned with shipping will ever appreciate how close a call the Allied cause had, with the unrestricted submarine warfare sinking tonnage at a rate that threatened an ultimate failure of supplies, and with almost every sinking ship taking down with it a cargo of food or munitions or other essential.

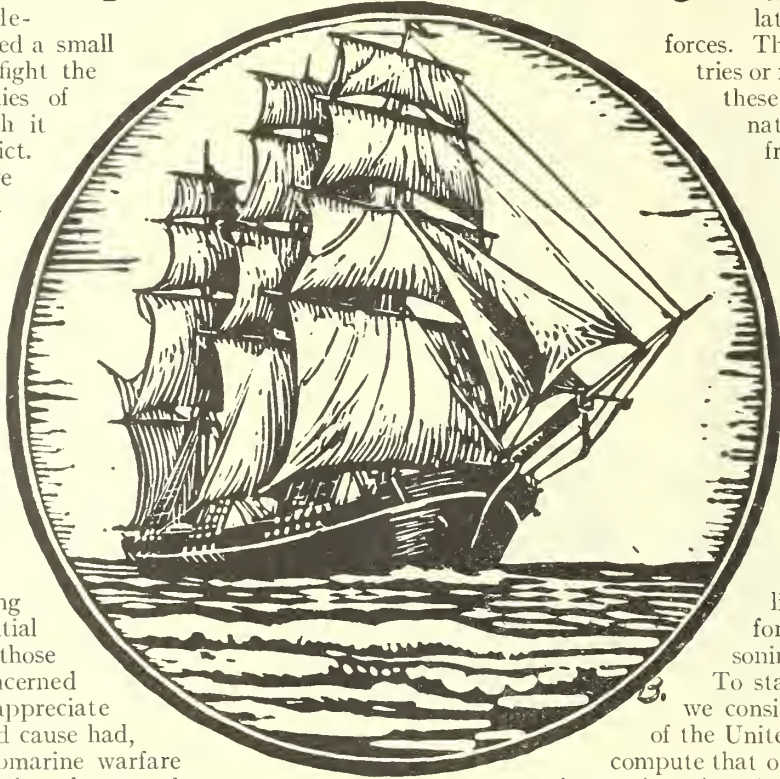
If you happened to be in any branch of the service where you saw the convoys of cargo ships, you know at first hand the need for faster ocean freighters under the United States flag. For you saw how whole armadas bearing troops and essential freight were held back to the cruising speed of the slowest ship in the convoy, probably an eight-knot ocean tramp. Vessels capable of higher speeds moved with their engines barely turning—and to the extent that their voyages were slowed down, the goods that could be transported were decreased.

Moreover, the slower the convoy the more vulnerable it was. Most often, if you will recall, it was some slow freighter plodding its eight-knot pace on the outer fringes of the convoy that felt the torpedo of the hidden U-boat. A slow-moving quarry is always easier to overtake and destroy than is one that moves fast, as any deer hunter will testify.

Certainly nobody who had experience with modern war during 1917 and 1918 has any desire for more of it. But there are a good many of us who still lack that implicit faith in overnight reform that characterizes the mental processes of the out-and-out pacifists. Hoping and praying that there may be no war, we nevertheless insist that national safety demands adequate defense against the contingency of war.

Adequate defense must include adequate overseas transport. For no nation is self-sufficient in modern warfare. Tin, rubber, silk, to name a few outstanding examples, are essentials of warfare which the United States must get from across wide oceans. There are infinite numbers of other commodities, perhaps not essential in the production of munitions but none

Decoration by L.L. Balcom



the less necessary in the maintenance of the general population backing up the armed forces. They come from other countries or not at all. To provide all of these necessities during times of national emergency fast ocean freighters are needed. For a fast cargo ship can carry infinitely greater quantities during the year by making more voyages. And she is less likely to be lost by enemy activities, by reason of her very speed.

It is not as if such vessels would be a sheer expense to maintain in peace times, as is a large navy. Actually, the economic reasons for their service in peace are quite as compelling as the defensive reasons for their use in war. The reasoning is as simple as a-b-c.

To start close to home, suppose we consider the railroad transport of the United States. The statisticians compute that on almost any day there are in transit on American railways goods valued at \$1,500,000,000. Someone, somewhere, is paying interest on the money tied up in each of the shipments that make up this stupendous total. Figured at five percent, the interest charge upon these goods in transit is over \$205,000 a day. For each day that the railroads cut off the average shipment, the saving to the public is, then, over \$205,000.

A conservative estimate of the goods in international oceanic transit is \$5,000,000,000. This represents a daily interest charge of close to \$700,000. The world's consumers are paying this big daily charge in their ordinary living expenses.

What is being done to reduce these wastes? Since the American railroads were turned back to their own managements after federal wartime control, the average turnaround time of a freight car has been reduced at least one third. Meanwhile, the average speed of ocean cargo liners and tramp ships has increased only one knot—one nautical mile per hour—in fifteen years.

I have actually known of an instance where a London importer called a Chicago manufacturer on the telephone to place an order. The goods were rushed by fast freight to New York. There they were placed on an eight-knot cargo ship, which made its leisurely passage in the customary sixteen days. If this is not an economic anachronism, I don't know one when I see it.

So there is a real reason in profits, the universal language of business, why American shipping interests should build faster cargo ships. This reason makes it perfectly feasible for us to increase our facilities for national defense, and make money in the process.

We need, then, to build fourteen- and sixteen-knot freighters. This is a real need, a pressing need. For until we have them, in considerable numbers, we shall be less well protected than is required by every sound consideration of national defense.

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss



JUST PALS

Alexander P. Moore, late ambassador to Spain, exemplified the height of good fellowship, no matter in what circles he traveled, and was popular with almost everybody except a certain few of the social climbers.

At a dinner at which he was delivering a speech, one of the guests was an American lady whose sole distinction was that she had married a British title. What, what! But better than that, she was seated beside King Alphonso, no less. During the address she leaned toward his majesty and remarked:

"Really, persons should not pay so much attention to our ambassadors, should they? At home the Moores are considered a bit plebeian."

"Listen," suggested the king, patting her arm, "let's you and I not be snobbish."

SAFE

A pretty girl had plunged into the ocean and had gone too far from shore. Her shrieks for help aroused the sympathy of a young man who had been lying sunning himself on the beach, so he dashed in and rescued her.

When it was all over except the cheering, and most of that, the young girl's father approached the volunteer life saver and said:

"Young man, I can never thank you sufficiently for your noble act. You incurred a terrible risk in saving my daughter."

"Not at all, sir," replied the hero. "Not at all. I thought it all out in advance. I'm already married."



LUCKY

An absolute duffer had joined a golf club. He didn't know any more about golf than you or I know about television. On his first swing he shut his eyes and took a blind swat. It went into the hole in one. The respectful gallery said nothing. They didn't want to disturb his poise.

The amateur took their silence for granted, and just for luck repeated the operation. By some miracle the same thing occurred. Two consecutive holes in one. Never before accomplished.

"Whoops!" he said, and wiped his brow. "Thought I'd missed it that time!"

DOG DAYS

The Wall Street crash had its points. At any rate, it gave rise to a number of gags, and you can take them or leave

them. There's no law to compel you to read this page.

Well, it seems there was a broker who had a friend who had been stuck badly. Not once, but several times, and always at the advice of the financier. The next time he came to call, the broker, putting the best face possible on a bad matter, said:

"Just bad luck, that's all. Look—you come around tomorrow and I'll give you a couple of pointers."

"It's not a couple of pointers I want," retorted the other. "It's a couple of retrievers."



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL READ THEM

During one of the World Series games a few years ago—and it might as well be admitted right now that this yarn is probably a lie on the face of it—a small girl was discovered in the press box, busily pushing a pencil around a pad of yellow paper.

The usher in charge was scandalized, as the ten-year-old was occupying one of the best seats on the field. He touched her on the shoulder and demanded:

"Don't you know that this section is reserved for writers—correspondents of the press? You'll have to get out."

"I'm a correspondent, sir," the little girl protested.

"Oh, you are, are you?" retorted the official sarcastically. "And what publication do you represent, may I ask?"

"St. Nicholas Magazine, sir."

BREAK!

Trouble was on at Loot County Jail and the most notorious and desperate criminal was on the loose. He had apparently gone through no more formalities than to walk out. The sheriff, wrought up by political reasons, had become angry.

"Escaped, just like that, huh?" he growled. "Aren't you getting paid to guard all the exits?"

"Yes, sir, and we done so," answered the man on duty. Suddenly he clapped his hand to his head and added—"But we forgot to look after the entrances!"

FAVORITISM

It was in a small village where the local doctor was everything in the matter of power and importance. Moreover, his two little daughters were the prettiest small girls in the town. One day the pair were being trailed at a respectful, bashful and admiring distance down the street by a couple of boys—one a stranger and the

other a resident.

"Gee, they're swell," commented the out-of-towner. "Who are they?"

"They're the doctor's kids," the other replied. Memories of his own baby sister came back to him. She was red and homely. He added: "He always keeps the best ones for himself."



THE HUNDRED IN 0.31

Young Van Rensselaer Van Toodles, fresh from graduation at an Eastern university, applied to a Western ranch owner for a job. He got the job. It was tending sheep.

On one of his monthly tours of his property, the ranch owner called on Van Toodles and inquired how everything had been going.

"Pretty well, sir," said the youth. "I had the sheep in every night, but I'll tell you that the lambs gave me quite a chase."

"The lambs?" inquired the boss. "Why, I didn't have any stock less than one year old."

The lad said nothing, but led him to the corral and pointed.

Inside were two hundred and thirty-eight jack rabbits.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

Just as hostilities opened, as far as we were concerned, in 1917, there occurred a "war wedding" between a colored couple in South Carolina. Two years later the hero-husband came home. Eleven years later a domestic scrap developed and he began bringing things up.

"Looky yeah, woman," he said, "yo' admits, don' yo', dat yo' ma'ied me fo' mah war risk insurance?"

"Sho," she replied. "Sho. But don' yo' admit dat Ah's willin' to wait fo' yo' to die natch'rally?"



PUTTING THE HEAR IN HEREAFTER

Satan was really having a hell of a time. Things weren't going at all well in the local districts and he was running for re-election. The most unruly resident was a usually well-mannered little man, who went berserk on occasions and refused to obey any of the regulations.

Finally Satan approached the recent arrival.

"See here," he said, "can't you behave yourself? Who do you think you are, anyway? Do you think you own this joint?"

"Sure," said the little guy. "Didn't my wife give it to me just before I left?"

... at the helm it's
HANDLING!



Chester
SUCH POPULARITY

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SPARKLING, spicy, fresh!—the familiar pleasure of Chesterfield smokers—taken for granted, as a good cigarette should be, because it is unfailingly *there!*

Better tobaccos do it. Such mildness *with* solid flavor requires the costliest leaf—and one thing more: Chesterfield's blend. The partnership is matchless; the result—what every smoker wants—a *satisfying* cigarette.

"TASTE *above everything*"

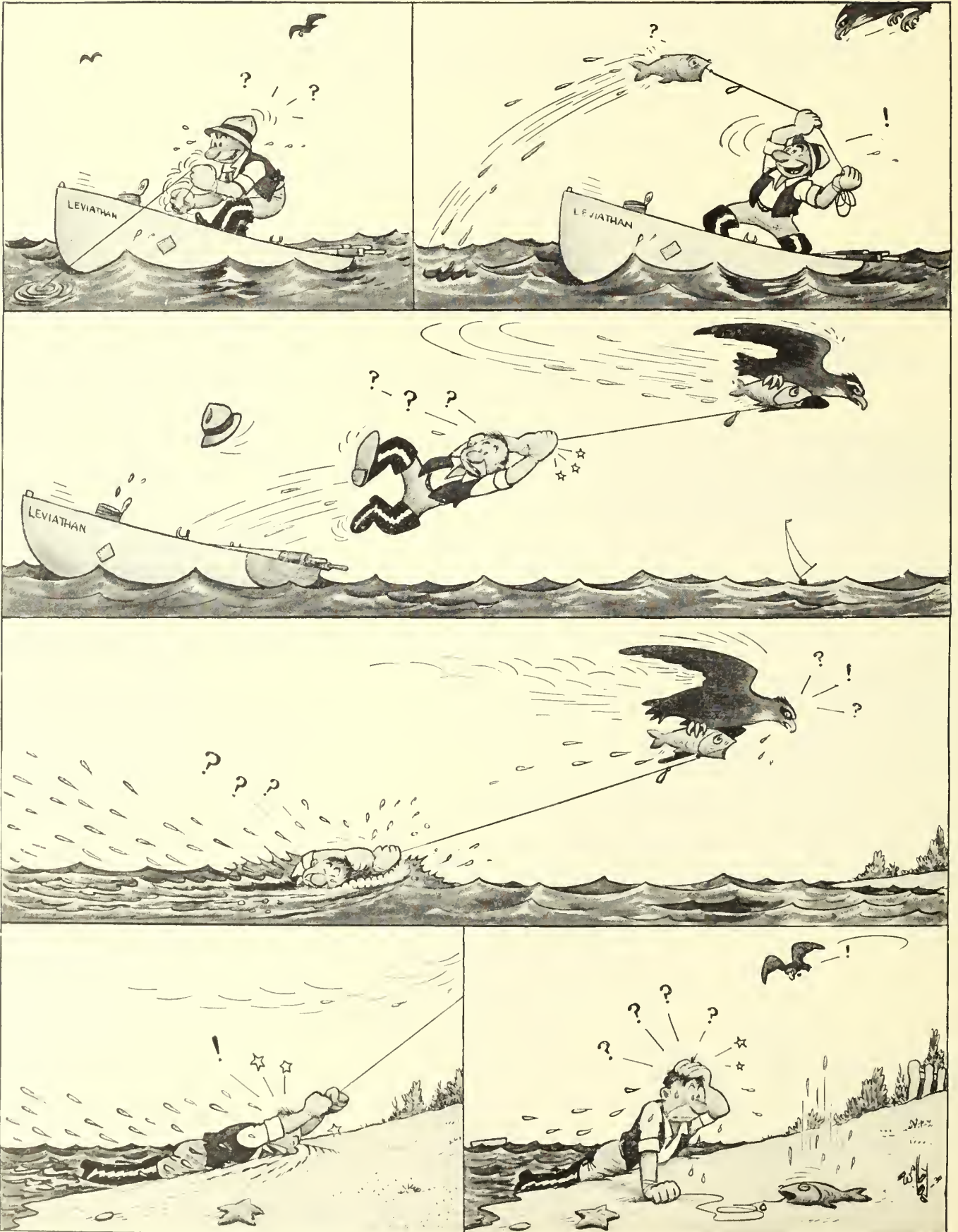
field
MUST BE DESERVED



THE FLYING FISH

Believe It Or Not

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Palmer

GOBS THE NATION called you affectionately in its hours of need. Your numbers were few compared to those of the Army. Sometimes you have dropped hints that the fact you were also in the war has not been mentioned often enough in these columns. All the para-

All Who Served at Sea

graphs this Fourth of July month are on a subject of which you are the greatest experts. You are asked to do some thinking on that subject, for a sound Fourth of July reason: for the sake of those men who may serve by sea in the next war.

AFTER THE GOBS those whom we called doughboys are the next best experts on this subject. If they don't lend the gobs a helping hand now, the time may come when future gobs will not be able to lend future doughboys a helping hand. There will be no guards for a bridge of ships. Two million doughboys will not get across the sea to finish the job so quickly that two million more will not have to leave the training camps at home. Or, any who make the start through a submarine zone may be drowned or made prisoners, their mothers' prayers for a safe passage notwithstanding.

WE HAVE READ in our schoolbooks, our elders have told us, that there are moments in the life of a nation when there must be a decision affecting its future through long years. That decision may spell wealth or poverty, honor or humiliation, victory or defeat. America

No Dodging The Decision

has come to the crossroads where she must turn to the right or the left. The recent London Naval Conference only drew attention to the issue; its ratification or non-ratification was only a gesture that did not affect the main point at issue.

WHERE, AT THE Washington Conference, we scrapped battleships and battle cruisers to bring us down to the 5-5-3 ratio, we went to the London Conference to ask the privilege to bring our ratio up to 5-5-3. In place of the 100 to 60 in '21 we won in '30 at London 100 to 70 for

Japan, or five to three and one-half. That is, we may build up to that ratio by 1936. We could not attain it before that year. Remember that the treaty does not say we are to build, only that we may. The privilege granted by those now much stronger than we are is listed as a diplomatic victory for us. Perhaps it was. The other fellows had their loaded guns on the table against our guns of paper. Are we to build up to the ratio or not? This is the vital national decision we must make and which no words should be allowed to camouflage and no shifting to dodge.

JULY, 1930

TALK OR ACTION? A blue print navy or a navy that sails the blue? Guns of steel or guns of paper? Promise or fulfillment? At the Washington Conference of 1921, when the world hailed limitation as established, our ratio of naval strength was set as five to Britain's five

Which Will You Have?

and to Japan's three. And what was at that time put on paper many Americans thought was being done in fact. But Britain and Japan built cruisers and we did not. We went to the London Conference, nine years later, with our ratio in fighting cruiser power three to Britain's ten and to Japan's five.

SOME PEOPLE ARE saying that Japan and Britain may need bigger navies than we do. If so, runs the argument, that is their business. We do not need a big navy, and that is our business. If we go to the Naval Conference of 1936 without having built up to ratio we shall be

Setting an Example

in a strong position of diplomatic appeal to the other nations to reduce to our level. If they still refuse to scrap the ships that give them superior power, and even to allow us to maintain the old paper ratio, then we can make still further reductions to convince them of their mistake.

IF WE ARE never to have another war, as some people are also saying, what is the use of having a navy at all? A navy is for war. What is more foolish and wasteful than to build anything that never can be used? We might as well build a great steamship in the middle of the prairies. No more war, therefore no more navy. This is absolutely logical.

Never Another War

Yet, I do not want to hear what the wild waves are saying on this subject but what is thought on it by seamen who rode the wild waves navigating transports, chasing submarines, and laying mines in the North Sea, and what is thought on it by the soldiers on the transports. They were in only one war, the latest of the wars that were to end war. Let us have a little history of sea power.

American Colonial regiments fought beside British in the French and Indian War. French troops being cut off from America by British sea power, France had to yield Canada and the Mississippi Valley. Now the thirteen colonies were to settle down to perpetual peace as loyal subjects to the profit and pleasure of the British King. But soon they were in arms against him. Paul Jones won fame by walloping a better armed British ship off the English coast. Many Americans still have the idea that he beat the whole British Navy. It happened he was such a good dodger as well as hard hitter that he caught one British ship alone. British sea control still permitted the King to pour troops into America to keep Washington's Army doing lively foot work sparring for a Paul Jones chance (Continued on page 64)

KEEPING STEP

FORTY years ago the map of Pennsylvania showed only an open space where today the town of Vandergrift with its 14,000 inhabitants spreads itself on the east bank of the Kiskiminetas River. Vandergrift didn't just happen. It was built as a man builds a house. Its streets and sidewalks and parks, its public buildings and everything about it were charted on blueprints before contractors began the task of making it. For Vandergrift was the first of America's model steel cities. It was created as the new home of a vast steel industry, and so well was it created that it became the model for the later steel metropolis of Gary, Indiana, on the shore of Lake Michigan, which was also made to order.

In keeping with the town's history, Vandergrift's citizens have always been characterized by vigor and enterprise and foresight, and those qualities mark William Harry Davidson Post of The American Legion in Vandergrift. As evidence of these qualities, there is the fact that Davidson Post presents to the rest of the Legion a brand new idea. It has established an endowment fund which will guarantee the undiminished vigor of the post thirty years from now and perhaps a half century hence.

"The endowment fund idea was born in the mind of Post Commander H. Ross Belding when the post income in 1929 was shown to be in excess of \$7,000," reports Herbert D. Brauff. "Commander Belding realized that while the post of 380 members was then prosperous, there would come with the years a time when activities might not be so profitable. Commander Belding is a metallurgist, not an actuary. He is the head of the laboratory of the big steel mill here. His analytical mind was impressed by the facts that the average age of Legionnaires today is thirty-six, the average Legionnaire thirty years from now will be sixty-six, and in 1960 only about half of the present members of the post will be alive.

"The post drew up in proper legal form a declaration of trust, a rather complicated document of many pages. Stripped of its technical verbiage, it provides that the post fiscal officers each year shall turn into the trust fund one-tenth of all the post's regular revenues and profits from money-making activities until the sum of \$20,000 has been accumulated. All money placed in the fund will be invested in federal, state, county, municipal or school bonds and, until the principal sum of \$20,000 has been attained, interest will be added to the fund.

"This plan insures that upon completion of the fund the post will have a permanent fixed income of at least \$800 yearly, the fund to be kept at \$20,000 until 1960 when, under the provisions of the plan, it may be disposed of as the post considers best. If in 1960 the post were to vote that \$1,000 from the fund should

be spent annually it would insure vigorous continuance of the post for at least twenty years longer. Few members would live longer.

"The endowment fund is administered by a board of five trustees, of whom only one is a Legionnaire. It was felt that with control of the fund in the hands of non-Legionnaires, personal and selfish interests could not even remotely influence the trustees in the impartial execution of their duties. J. Evan Morgan, a Past Commander, is the post's representative on the board. The other members are Howard L. Bodwell, the manager of the steel mill in Vandergrift; John F. Horn, utility president and capitalist; John C. Kahl, superintendent of the foundry in Vandergrift, and Milton C. Uncapher, a real estate and insurance man. The first non-member trustees will serve uneven terms, a new one being elected each year for four years. Future appointments will be for uniform terms of four years. This means that a new trustee will come in each year and there will always be three experienced members to help new men."



Postmaster Earl E. Ewing of Colorado Springs, Colorado, in a pinch could bring through the air mail himself. He's a real "flying postmaster" as well as National Executive Committeeman from Colorado

Flying Postmaster

WHERE once the Colorado pioneers' stage coaches rumbled over rough trails between Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, a smooth automobile highway runs today, but Coloradoans most anxious to get from one city to another quickly don't use that road today. They hop into a passenger plane and make comfortably and speedily the trip that once jolted pioneers' livers and took many, many hours. The air route connecting the three cities was established largely through the efforts of Earl E. Ewing of Colorado Springs, when he was Commander of the Colorado Department. Incidentally, Ewing was Commander of his department for two terms, an unusual honor. Known as "the Flying Commander," he did much to promote interest in aviation. He was instrumental in the establishment of air fields in a dozen cities. When he was made postmaster of his city, his title was changed by public accord to "the Flying Postmaster."

Last October Ewing used his plane to transport a buck that he had shot in the San Juan country.

Greatest Year

NATIONAL Commander O. L. Bodenhamer at the May meeting of the National Executive Committee at Indianapolis reported that a tremendous gain in membership has been made in the earliest months of 1930 and predicted that before the national convention in Boston in October the Legion would have 850,000 members, the largest enrollment in its history.

Telegraphic reports showed 784,376 members on May 16th, a figure that exceeded the quota for the entire year of 1930 and was



These sample moments from "Up in the Air," the annual play of Armour Post of Chicago, Illinois, confirm the communique that the play set a new altitude record for pep and perfection. Anybody old enough to remember when the up-to-the-minute motorist wore a colored derby or a merry widow hat?

almost 150,000 more than the total on the corresponding date of the preceding year. Memphis Post was shown to be the world's largest post, with 4,452 members. Jefferson Post of Louisville, Kentucky, had enrolled 3,713 and Omaha (Nebraska) Post had 3,507.

Boston Is Ready

THE National Executive Committee was told that the Boston national convention, October 6th to 9th, will be the largest and most varied convention ever held. Railroads in addition to offering rates of one fare for the round trip have broken precedents by giving a fare reduction for convention visitors going to Boston over one route and returning by another. The diverse routing round-trip rate for most sections will be one-third more than the one-way fare. Boston has guaranteed hotel rooms and other sleeping accommodations for as many as 275,000 visitors. The celebration of Boston's tercentenary anniversary and the fact that many thousands of convention visitors will want to make tours of historic New England are being counted upon to make the convention attendance unprecedentedly large.

The National Executive Committee was told three cities would contest at Boston for the honor of entertaining the Legion's 1931 national convention. Spokesmen for Detroit, Michigan, Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles, California, described the advantages of their cities and extended invitations for 1931.

When Fidac Comes

THE National Executive Committee approved the appointment of Legionnaires representing many sections of the country as delegates to the 1930 Congress of Fidac to be held in Washington, September 22d to 24th. It also sanctioned an extensive program of entertainment for the delegates from France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy and other countries. The city of New York will be host to the visitors upon their arrival and will entertain them with a formal banquet and sightseeing trips. A special train will carry the foreign delegations to Washington. After the



Washington congress, the visitors will make a tour of many Eastern cities under Legion auspices. After this tour, delegates will attend the Legion's national convention in Boston.

Getting Together

LAST year," submits L. W. W. Agre, "August Donner Post hit upon a new way of making all the people of Belview, Minnesota, better acquainted with one another

and with the citizens of the towns surrounding Belview. Our town has only 400 inhabitants, but on the first night we held a public meeting we had 800 persons attending it. The eight similar meetings we've held since have drawn crowds equally as big. A suitable meeting place was hard to find in our little town, but we have done very well by using a garage in which we place chairs, a speakers' platform and tables for refreshments. For each meeting we obtain good speakers. We charge ten or twenty cents admission and give lunch free to everybody—coffee and doughnuts.

"The main benefit of these meetings has been the elimination of distrust and petty jealousy and misunderstandings between neighbors and communities. Elbow rubbing has let everybody know that the other fellow is of a pretty good sort and that many previously-entertained unfriendly attitudes were unfair."

Half Million Boys

MORE than a half million boys are now playing the baseball games throughout the country under the auspices of posts of The American Legion which will lead up to the state, regional and sectional American Legion junior baseball games and the Junior World Series. Russell Cook, director of the National Americanism Commission, and Charles M. Wilson, assistant director, have announced that the Junior World Series will be held in Memphis, Tennessee, August 28, 29 and 30, and will be heralded to the rest of the country over the radio, with Graham McNamee announcing. Memphis Post, the world's largest Legion post, is making elaborate plans for the event.

The Western sectional games, to be played by the winning



The clubhouse of Henry H. Houston 2d Post of Germantown, Philadelphia, above, is a memorial to the man for whom the post is named

teams of six regions west of the Mississippi River, will be held at Colorado Springs, Colorado, August 21st, 22d and 23d. The eastern sectional games, between the winning teams of six regions east of the Mississippi, will be played at East Charlottesville, Virginia, August 21st, 22d and 23d.

The western regional games will be played as follows: Region 1, Baker, Oregon, August 14th and 15th; Region 2, Stockton, California, August 14th and 15th; Region 3, Colorado Springs, Colorado, August 16th, 17th and 18th; Region 4, Sioux Falls, S. D., August 14th and 15th; Region 5, Quincy, Illinois, August 13th and 14th, and Region 6, Shreveport, Louisiana, August 12th and 13th.

The eastern regional games are as follows: Region 7, Battle Creek, Michigan, August 14th and 15th; Region 8, Gastonia, North Carolina, August 14th and 15th; Region 9, Palatka, Florida, August 14th and 15th; Region 10, Hagerstown, Maryland, August 14th and 15th; Region 11, Asbury Park, New Jersey, August 14th and 15th, and Region 12, Manchester, New Hampshire, August 14th and 15th.

In America's Birthplace

MORE and more American Legion post clubhouses are becoming architectural landmarks, reflecting community history and traditions. Philadelphia visitors see in the new homes of Henry H. Houston 2d Post and Merion Post examples of rare beauty and appropriateness.

Houston Post's clubhouse in Germantown, in an historic environment, is in keeping with other notable buildings which sur-



A grateful community provided the beautiful home of Merion Post (below) in another suburb of Philadelphia. It is a center for civic activities

round it — the Wyck house, the Chew mansion and others erected in the nation's founding days. It is a memorial to Henry H. Houston 2d, who was killed by shellfire while serving as a lieutenant of artillery in the A. E. F. after distinguished service with the French before the United States entered the war. Mr. Houston's parents have been the patrons and benefactors of Houston Post which has more than 1,500 members.

Merion is a residential suburb of Philadelphia, restricted to homes exclusively. After the war, citizens of Merion began raising a fund for the erection of the War Tribute House which is the home of Merion Post. Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge R. Johnson joined in this community enterprise and gave their beautiful estate in the heart of Merion. Mr. Johnson erected the building at his own expense. The house is used by all civic organizations of Merion.

By the Legion, For the Town

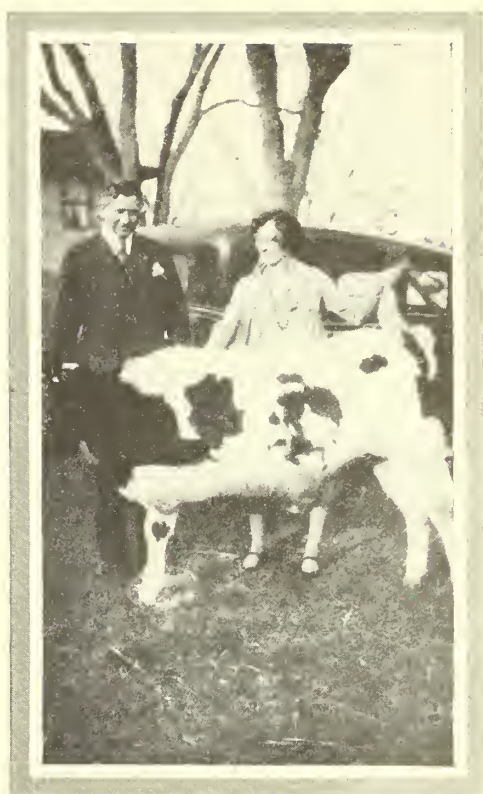
FIFTEEN years ago, William G. Mather, president of the Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company, presented to the mining town of Munising, Michigan, a stone building of distinctive architecture to serve as headquarters for the Y. M. C. A. The building cost more than \$30,000. For fifteen years, Munising has been trying to operate the building on a self-sustaining basis.

Last year, when it seemed that conflicting interests and differences of opinion would put the building permanently out of use as a public center, citizens of the town held a mass meeting and voted to turn over the club to Roderick Prato Post of The American Legion at an annual rental of \$1.



E. Snapper Ingram of Los Angeles, California, national head of the Forty and Eight, escaped death in the historic flood at his birthplace, Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He has had long service as a municipal engineer on the Pacific Coast

National Commander Bodenhamer, who, as a native Texan, knows something about cattle, inspects an animal that isn't seen every day in the Longhorn country—a three-legged calf at the farm of Volney Diltz, Past National Executive Committeeman for Iowa. Mrs. Diltz as guide



The club was renamed the Legion County Club and the post appointed a house committee of five members which designated Walfred B. Johnson, Post Adjutant, as manager of the club. Mr. Johnson worked fourteen hours a day to supervise repairs and alterations and make the membership as large and representative as possible. For many weeks details of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries labored at night to get the building fixed up.

"Things are going fine now," reports Mr. Johnson. "Citizens who had never been in the building before are coming in now. The building has a gymnasium, thirty-eight by sixty feet, a pool and billiard room, bowling alleys, a large hall used for post meetings and other purposes, a large kitchen and many other special features."

Remembrance

ONE of the busiest places in one of the busiest cities in the world is the Board of Trade in Chicago, Illinois. In the daily life of this institution, Board of Trade Post of The American Legion has held for more than ten years an important place. But the post isn't self-centered.

"It may be of interest to other posts to know that our outfit recently established an endowment fund of \$1,800, the income from which will be used for the benefit of the orphaned boys and girls of World War veterans in the State Home at Normal, Illinois," bulletins August C. Hennig.

Rung by Rung

DANIEL HARDER Post of Stuttgart, Arkansas, isn't the only post which has made a gain in membership in each year of its history. In the April issue attention was called to the Arkansas outfit's growth in step-ladder fashion from 48 members in 1919 to 286 in 1930. Now comes Leo T. Mulva, Adjutant of Whiting (Indiana) Post, with the news that his post started with seventy-eight members in 1919 and in successive years had enrollments of 170, 226, 366, 393, 453, 468, 486, 491 and 506 before it set out to bust its own previous record in 1930. Early in May, Mr. Mulva notified Pleas Greenlee, Adjutant of the Department of Indiana, that the Whiting outfit had gone over the top for this

year—with 508 paid-up 1930 members—and would keep right on growing. Is there any other outfit anywhere that can trump Stuttgart and Whiting?

Came-and-Got-It

THE chow-hounds of the A. E. F. and the camps at home are still ready to spring to their messkits when the old bugle calls in Raleigh, North Carolina. Last Armistice Day when Raleigh Post sounded Come-and-get-it for its annual barbecue, exactly 2,407 veterans of the Army and Navy moved on the post's mess sergeants carving up fifty juicy suckling pigs which had been roasted to a sizzling brown over oak coals. With oldtime speed, the 2,407 polished off the platters of roast pig and incidentally took on as cargo these additional items: twenty bushels of potatoes, unnumbered gallons of mayonnaise, a couple of barrels of cole slaw, a truckload or so of rolls and corn pone, beaucoup coffee and other legal beverages.

"The post has held this barbecue annually since 1919," reports A. L. Fletcher, Historian of the Department of North Carolina. "The city of Raleigh and Wake County jointly provide the money for the feed. Adjuncts of the barbecue are a huge parade of the veterans, present-day military organizations and two thousand high school boys, a football game and special programs in the motion picture theaters."

Still Serving

EDDY-GLOVER Post of New Britain, Connecticut, has done plenty of things which its community may want to inscribe on a scroll of honor some day when the footsteps of present-day Legionnaires go echoing into time. But right now when Eddy-Glover Post members estimate their own accomplishments, they get from the post's camp for boys enough solid satisfaction to repay them for all the post has ever done. Back in 1927, records Legionnaire Maurice H. Pease, the post started its camp—for boys who wouldn't be taken care of by other camps maintained by philanthropic organizations. The city gave the site—a tract in the open country, with



Gordon Osborne of Hart, Michigan, reports his biggest moment was five years ago when the doctor said: "Twins—boys—blue eyes"



Joseph Vernon Lloyd Post of Earlington, Kentucky, built a road, erected an electric light plant and did lots of other things to make this community bathing beach on a 250-acre lake. It is a two-mile hop in the post's automobile from post clubhouse to beach

a stream, springs and woods. Legionnaires dammed the spring to make a swimming pool and built huts. They did lots of other things. They passed the hat among themselves and got \$1,000 before they gave other citizens a chance to contribute and got an additional \$1,000. Since that first season, the post has maintained the camp at an average cost of \$7.50 a week for each boy, but the boys themselves pay nothing. A trained director, paid by the post, supervises the camp and always post members are on hand to keep things moving right. Nothing extraordinary about the camp, perhaps, but it stands as an everyday example of what Legion posts everywhere can do for tomorrow's citizens."

In Disaster—the Legion!

A COMMUNITY disaster of a new sort visited Devon, Pennsylvania, in April. A fireworks factory exploded without warning, killed nine persons, injured many more and hurled thousands of unexploded fireworks bombs over a large area. Quickly the members of Dalton-Wanzel Post of The American Legion of the nearby town of Paoli mobilized at the ruins of the factory, helped extricate the dead and injured from the wreckage, established guard lines to prevent injury to sightseers, and gathered the unexploded bombs. Then the post found new houses for the factory workers whose homes had been leveled by the blast. Later the post led in the work of providing additional assistance for those who had been rendered destitute by the disaster. Newspapers gave public recognition to the post's many-sided activities following the disaster.

In North Carolina

WHENEVER anyone these days talks about the surprising industrial growth which is being witnessed in the South, he thinks of Gastonia, North Carolina, as an example of the new metropolises that are taking form—Gastonia with its huge cotton mills spreading far into neighboring valleys. And in North Carolina these days, when anyone starts talking about the progress being made by the Legion all through the State, he is

bound to say something about Gaston Post of The American Legion in Gastonia. Gastonia has 17,600 inhabitants; in April Gaston Post had 1,009 members. And that's going some.

"Six hundred Legionnaires attended the last meeting of Gaston Post," reports Department Adjutant J. M. Caldwell. And that's going some also. "North Carolina has the largest membership in its history right now and Gastonia is leading North Carolina. This summer Gaston Post will put on two big celebrations. The first will be on the Fourth of July when it will dedicate the post's new home, a \$75,000 memorial building. Later Gaston Post will be host to the best boys' baseball teams of North and South Carolina and Tennessee in a regional tournament."

Proudest Birthdays

WHEN Post Commander Thomas H. Hamilton of Webster Groves, Missouri, several months ago sounded the bugle call for a new society to be composed of sons and daughters of Legionnaires who, like his own son, were born on Armistice Day, enrolments began coming in from towns and cities throughout the country. Mr. Hamilton now reports that more than fifty November Eleventh Sons and Daughters have answered the roll call, including those whose parents have been named in earlier issues of the Monthly. Photographs of some of the charter members appear on pages 30 and 31 of this issue. Edgar C. Moag, of John J. Welsh Post of Niagara Falls, New York, suggests that the society have a second degree. He is the father of twin girls born November 11, 1926.

Meanwhile, in Pontiac, Illinois, Legionnaires have been lining up all their sons in another organization, the Sons of World War Veterans of Livingston County, which got its start back in 1926. "It's a paper outfit so far," reports Dr. A. B. Middleton of Pontiac, "but it holds two meetings each year. One is a picnic during the summer. The post furnishes the ice cream. The most important event, though, is the Memorial Day program and parade. The boys march behind the post carrying flags and flowers which they (Continued on page 52)



Little Thomas Hamilton, Webster Groves, Mo., is founder of the Armistice Day Sons and Daughters

The OLD TIME FOURTH

By
Frank Miles

*Illustration by
A.E. Briggs*

THE community Fourth of July celebration is doomed. An institution in almost every city, town and village for generations until twenty years ago, it is now passing swiftly from American life. In another two decades celebrations such as those which we who are over thirty enjoyed as children will be a rarity. And not because the American people are growing less patriotic—they aren't.

My home town, whose population has been about one thousand souls since 1840, used to celebrate the Fourth every year, but it had stopped before I was born. Some of the godless old timers shock the rest of the inhabitants by saying that one of the greatest celebrations ever held in that part of the State died when the saloons closed. Be that as it may, neighboring towns which had saloons continued to celebrate for many years afterward.

Our family usually went to the same town for the Fourth. Talk of it started weeks before the great day. Fourth of July morning we youngsters were awake at dawn. Dad and the hired hand were already doing the chores, for we lived on a farm. A hurried breakfast, then mother filled baskets with fried chicken, cake and all the other edibles required for a picnic dinner. Along with the baskets was a big freezer of home-made ice cream.

About eight o'clock our driving team, Nick and Nell, a span of blacks, were hitched to the surrey and off we went in a cloud of dust. Our favorite celebration was nine miles away, and the distance seemed like a hundred to us kids. The town was resplendent in flags and bunting. Concession stands jammed the vacant lots and side streets leading into the main street. By noon hitch-rack space was not to be had.

About 11:30 came a program of sports—sack race, the egg race, three-legged race, fat men's race, races for women and girls and small boys, and the great free-for-all hundred-yard dash for a real ten-dollar bill, in which the town champion would defend his title and on which many bets were laid. Somebody was always importing a stranger who it was darkly rumored was a ringer from Chicago.

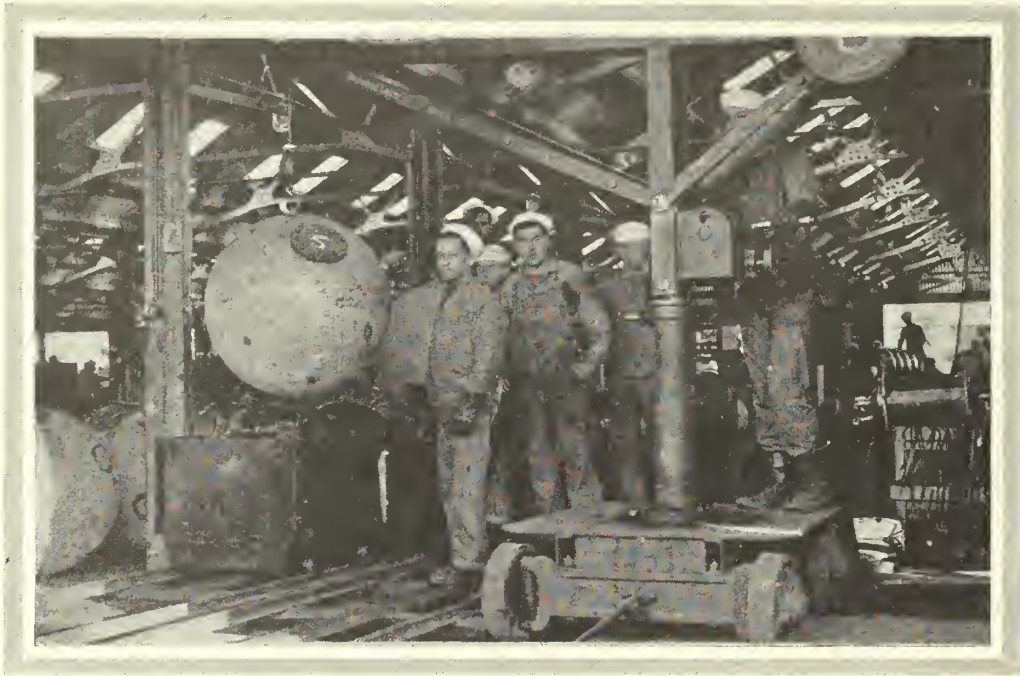
He took the forefathers of America through the early struggles, fought through the French and Indian wars, and rose to supreme heights of eloquence in an intermediate peroration on George Washington

It made a perfect day if the ringer was ignominiously defeated.

After the races came the free street exhibition, usually by a tight or slack-wire walker. Two women and one man fainted once when a woman performer leaped into the air, alighted astraddle of the wire, bounced up, turned a complete flip-flop, came down and caught the wire with her hands. It was one of her regular stunts and she had promised something death-defying, but the local committee chairman told her later she had gone too far. Those wire walkers certainly gave us youngsters inspiration for the rest of the summer.

Families grouped together for the picnic dinner in the park. Table cloths were spread end to end on the grass and covered with food. Most of the dads and mothers had brought along their coffee in fruit jars, but we kids smacked our lips on red lemonade from the stands nearby. We ate until we (Continued on page 50)

THEN *and* NOW



Gobs of the U. S. Naval Mine Force in Base No. 18, Inverness, Scotland, finish assembling a loaded mine for use in the North Sea. J. Frank Burke tells on this page of the operations of the unit and of an unusual memorial established in Scotland

WORLD War veterans who did all their fighting on dry land may mistake

the suspended ball in the picture at the top of this page for a push-ball all ready for athletic purposes. But ex-Gob J. Frank Burke, secretary of the North Sea Mine Force Association, and member of Irving T. Adams Post of Roslindale, Massachusetts, explains differently.

The picture of the gobs in dungarees was taken in Base No. 18—a plant which had been the Glen Albin Distillery in Inverness, Scotland. These gobs, however, were merely distilling destruction for the enemy.

"The suspended globe in the picture," writes Burke, "is a finished, loaded mine ready to be placed on a barge which in turn would take it to a minelayer for planting in the North Sea mine field. As the picture shows, the mines were assembled à la Ford on a track, the mine base being on wheels, and the assembly plants, barges and the mine decks of the ships being equipped with tracks. The arrangement was similar to a railroad yard—switches and all. This made possible the dropping overboard of a mine every thirty seconds, if necessary.

"I'd know any of the men in the picture and also any of the former crew of the U. S. S. *Blackhawk* any time, but their names escape me right now."

Legionnaire Burke tells us also of the memorial which has been established in Inverness to those men "who made their great sacrifice in the mine fields or, having returned, have since joined their shipmates beyond the horizon."

Through the North Sea Mine Force Association, which was formed in Boston by New England men, a fund totaling \$5,250 was collected for the purpose of endowing perpetually a free bed in the Northern Infirmary at Inverness. The presentation was made in March, 1920, by Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N., to Mackintosh of Mackintosh, President of the Northern Infirmary. In a letter offering this contribution, the admiral said:

"The contributors wish to establish such an endowment as a memorial of American participation in the Northern Barrage near the scene of their service and as a token in remembrance of many kindnesses to members of the American Mine Force from people of the Highlands during the World War."

The acknowledgment from Robert Gilbert, honorary secretary of the infirmary, included this expression: "The gift coming as

it did so unexpectedly, and subscribed as it was by a band now widely scattered, is warmly accepted . . . In thanking

you and through you that wide band of subscribers, I should like to add a word of thanks for the expression of your appreciation of the efforts which were made for the entertainment of the Force. May I assure you that we in Scotland are not unmindful of the part played by Americans here and on the active fronts. . . ."

THEN and Nowers have read a lot about A. E. F. dogs, goats, mules and boy mascots and other unusual adjuncts to the Army," comments Past Commander John D. Morrison of Ridgefield Park (New Jersey) Post, "but I wonder how many of them know of the A. E. F. Dental Corps whose members wore the D. C. caduceus to distinguish them from the 'ordinary' officers. Perhaps I can start a new branch of the Gang by reporting as to how I won the war.

"My claim to the D. S. C. lies in the fact that from September, 1917, to April, 1919, I was an orphan of the A. E. F.—a casual officer whom nobody wanted. I didn't fire the first nor the last shot in the war. Fact is, I never shot anything except from my novocaine gun.

"With the 101st Ambulance Company I acted as O. D., mail censor, and marched the men to church on Sundays. With the 15th Engineers I helped train the buglers and acted as interpreter to the medics and provost marshal. With the 20th Engineers I had to bring in a captain after his nocturnal observations of Hennessey's three stars.

"The dental equipment furnished by the Government for field service was necessarily limited but the instruments and supplies which we did have were of the best. From September, 1917, to December, 1917, I had to extract a few teeth with my pocket knife because I did not receive my field outfit until December 1st. From this date to March, 1919, in France, and from April 24th to May 28th at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., I personally treated 2,625 officers and men and 65 others (civilians, Y. M. C. A. and so on)—a total of 2,690 patients. In all I gave 3,901 different sittings, including treatment for decayed teeth, pyorrhea, trench mouth, erosion, fainting and other ailments. Teeth extractions totaled 595.

"My list of patients represented the following outfits: 101st Ambulance Company, 10th, 11th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 43d, 57th,

318th, 501st, 503d and 507th Engineers, 23d, 161st and 162d Infantry, 303d and 304th Stevedores (colored), Ordnance Depot No. 4, 405th Signal Battalion, 402d and 408th Telegraph Battalions, Army Medical Corps, First and Second Motor Mechanics Regiments, officers and men at the Third Corps Schools, 50th Aero Squadron, U. S. Nurses Corps, Y. M. C. A. workers and entertainers, civilians in U. S. employ, field clerks, Italian and French soldiers, French civilians, Chinese laborers, and men of the Q. M. and Aviation at Headquarters, S. O. S. Intermediate Section, at Nevers, France. I wonder if I have overlooked any that ought to be on that list. It's possible some escape my memory.

"It would be interesting to hear from some of these patients and ex-dentists on field service."

IN THE May, 1920, issue of the Monthly we reproduced a picture of the burial services at Bathelemont, France, of the first three American soldiers killed in action during the World War. These men, Corporal James B. Gresham and Privates Thomas F. Enright and Merle D. Hay of Company F, 16th Infantry, lost their lives in an enemy raid during the night of November 2, 1917.

In the accompanying story it was explained that they were the first Americans killed in action. The first American soldiers killed by the enemy after our country entered the war were Lieutenant William T. Fitzsimons and Privates 1st Leslie A. Woods, Rudolph Rubino and Oscar C. Tugo of U. S. Base Hospital No. 5, who lost their lives in an enemy air raid on a British hospital, September 4, 1917, near Dannes-Camiers, France.

Sedley Peck, Commander of Paris (France) Post, adds to this list of the first honored dead. The lower picture on this page shows Commander Peck and Ford B. Stevens, Adjutant of the Department of France of the Legion, on Memorial Day, 1920, at the grave of the very first American citizen to be killed in action during the World War—Edward Mandell Stone.

Commander Peck gives this story regarding him:

"The Association of American Volunteers With the French Army, 1914-1917, has been designated to reanimate the Eternal Flame at the head of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of France beneath the Arc de Triomphe, annually on February 27th, the anniversary of the death in 1915 of the first American citizen killed in the war. Edward Mandell Stone was born in Chicago in 1888.

"He had been in the United States Diplomatic Service and was residing in Paris when the World War broke out. On August 24, 1914, he enlisted with the first group of American citizens in the French Army. While a private in Battalion B, Second Regiment of the Foreign Legion, he was mortally wounded in the trenches near Craonelle in the Aisne on February 15, 1915. He died in the military hospital of Romilly-sur-Seine on February 27th and was buried in the cemetery there.

"Stone was posthumously awarded the Croix de Guerre and Medaille Militaire. His body remains in the Romilly-sur-Seine cemetery in a plot which has been purchased in perpetuity by his family, who reside in New Bedford, Massachusetts. The French woman who, as a volunteer nurse, wrote the last letter for Stone and sat beside him when he died, is now the schoolmistress of the school in La Villeneuve-

au-Chatelot, and she makes it a rite to assist The American Legion in the annual Memorial Day ceremony at this grave."

WRITING to second the motion of Mrs. Topsy Culver of Fresno, California, that a reunion of former A. E. F. war brides be held during the Boston national convention, Mrs. Edward W. Johnson, Route 7, Yakima, Washington, adds her own testimony to the chorus which has recorded the harmony and happiness which have followed most overseas marriages.

"I am a very happily married ex-British W. A. A. C.—or, as usually called, a Waac—and I also came over on the *Plattsburg*, which sailed from Liverpool on July 7, 1919," writes Mrs. Johnson. "From the reports sent in earlier by others who were on the boat with me, most of the wartime romances of the *Plattsburg's* passengers are unmarried today. I am sending a photograph of brides which was taken aboard the *Plattsburg*. Will you please announce that I should like very much to hear from any of the other brides of eleven years ago who appear in this picture. I should especially like to get a letter from Mrs. Edwards, whose husband had been sergeant major of the 805th Aero Squadron while that unit was stationed at Farnborough, England. Come on, all you happily married war brides! Fall in!"

SEVERAL references have been made in *Then and Now* to the 'Morale Squads' in the A. E. F.," comments Howard N. Mason of Upland, California, "and they surely were good—no question about that. But how about the Biggest Show ever put on in that line: The First Division Circus.

"That real oldtime, three-ring show was the First's contribution after a good many of the original 'occupiers' were headed home. We had animals and everything. Nothing missing from pink lemonade, popcorn and peanuts to the chariot races.

"This show was organized by the First Division and any members of the division could join it. When it came to trained bears, elephants and all the necessary animals, we got them from the Hagenback Circus which was stranded in Germany.

"The Army gave us a town, Grenhausen, all to ourselves to train in—a big gym for the acrobats and large fields for the horses. After one month of rehearsals and training, we put on our first performances at Montabaur, which was First Division Headquarters.

"We played a three-day stand, July 11-12-13, and it rained every day, but oh, what crowds! And the 'Side Shows'! Well, some of them were just too good and real to be true.

"Admission was one 'buck'—rather, one mark. Not much, but we made lots of money and this money all went to the American Graves Society.

"I was sent home after we played Montabaur and would like to know where the circus showed after that. Are there any buddies who can report? Would like to hear from some of the oldtimers who were with the show."

Here's a chance for a real get-together. Instead of the lion and the lamb lying down together, how about a reunion, at least by mail, of the bearded lady and the fat woman? One of the letters in the Big Moments this month is about a Frenchman



Where today are these war brides who sailed from Liverpool on the Plattsburg, July 7, 1919? Mrs. Edward Johnson, Route 7, Yakima, Wash., one of them, wants to hear from the others



Commander Sedley Peck, Paris Post, and Department Adjutant Ford B. Stevens, at the grave of Edward Mandell Stone, first American citizen killed in the World War



With only the limitless sky as the "big top," the First Division helped while away the time in the Occupied Area by staging a circus. The opening stand was in Montabaur on July 11, 12 and 13, 1919. While this particular picture shows only one animal act, Howard N. Mason assures us that it was a regular three-ring circus with all the trimmings

who looped the loop for Barnum and Bailey before the war. First Division circus folk, front and center!

NOTWITHSTANDING the picturesqueness of the setting, we doubt if many Auxiliary members would enjoy the method employed by the great majority of French women in doing their weekly washing. No electric washing-machines or irons or clothes-driers or mangles there, as is shown in the picture on this page. The thing that impressed us particularly was that they could keep their position, hours on end, in those little three-sided wooden boxes, dipping and pummeling and rinsing their soiled clothes.

One of the kneeling boxes is displayed prominently in the picture which was sent to us by John J. Kleppinger, of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, ex-corporal, 545th Motor Truck Company, stationed at Brest, France, during the winter of 1918-19. He tells us this particular "washing hole" was located on the hillside overlooking the harbor and quai of Brest and that his motor park was located at the foot of the hill. He adds, "Rain or shine you would find these women washing clothes."

"If you'll notice, one of the soldiers has a mack-inaw on while the others haven't even blouses. This shows the kind of weather we had there—rain, then sun, and more rain, but the mud was with us always."

"Former members of the 428th Supply Train, 309th Ammuni-

tion Train, 25th, 33d and 310th Engineers, 57th and 58th Ambulance Companies and 122d and 458th Military Police should remember this place particularly. The main attractions at this water hole were six or seven real nice mademoiselles.

THE following reunions are announced. Interested members of these organizations should write to the man whose name is given with their respective outfits:

Co. C, 105TH ENGRS., 30TH DIV.—Greensboro, N. C., July 4th. A. W. Lull, P. O. Box 1113, Greensboro, N. C.

309TH ENGRS. Assoc.—Pittsburgh, Pa., August 1st-2d. Send names and addresses to Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Ira M. Smith, Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Co. C, 128TH INF., 32d Div.—Hudson, Wis., Aug. 2d. G. C. "Dugan" Larson, Hudson, Wis.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Catskill, N. Y., Aug. 10. Address Eugene Cornwell, secy., 19 Pine st., Kingston, N. Y.

78TH DIV.—Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 15th to 17th. John Kennedy, secy., 208 West 19th st., New York City.

Co. F, 309TH SUPPLY TRAIN, 84TH DIV.—Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 16th-17th. C. C. Perry, Secy., Bardwell, Ky.

EIGHTH ARMY CORPS, PHILIPPINE VETERANS—Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 16th-19th. Address Geo. S. Geis, pres., Box 342, Wabash, Ind.

16TH ENGRS.—Detroit, Michigan, Aug. 30th-Sept. 1st. E. M. Johns, secy., 704 East Jefferson ave., Detroit, Michigan.

EXAMINING BARRACKS AND POST HOSPITAL, JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MISSOURI—Red Wing, Minnesota, Aug. 31st. E. P. Scott, 995 W. King st., Decatur, Illinois.

34TH ENGRS.—Triangle Park, Dayton, O., Aug. 31st. George Remple, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton, Ohio.

496TH-497TH AERO SQDRN. (FORMERLY 200TH-201ST)—Former members communicate with F. Van Valkenburg, 72 Simcoe st., Oyster Bay, N. Y.

THE COMPANY CLERK

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



Members of the 545th Motor Truck Company discover an outdoor French laundry near their motor park at Brest in 1918. Most A. E. F.-ers will recall the kneeling boxes the laundresses used. John Kleppinger of the 545th, now of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, lent the print

AN IDEA THAT CLICKED

THE modern parent is at times as pathetically puzzled as the hen which has hatched a flock of

ducklings. Grownups of the present, like grownups of every past, are pained by the spectacle of modern youth ignoring old taboos, setting up for itself a comfortable non-conformity and trodding blithely into experimental paths.

Yet the puzzled mother of today was once a Gibson Girl, the despair of her own mother, who, back in the days when Theodore Roosevelt was President, thought all boys and girls were going to the bow-wows. And today's puzzled father, if he has a sense of humor, will cease lamenting about his worthless scion if he will but summon the memories of a youth who suddenly stopped wearing skin-tight breeches and put on a pair of snappy peg-top trousers.

The lesson to be drawn from all this is that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the children of today. We can be confident of that. But most certainly grownups will fail in their duty toward today's children if they do not make necessary allowances for the revolution in social standards and ways of living which has taken place in the United States in recent years. It is recognition of this great change which has inspired The American Legion, first in the Department of Pennsylvania and later through the United States, to establish a system for character development which is known as The American Legion School Award.

The American Legion School Award was born of the realization that schools generally have not been fulfilling entirely an important function which they must perform under modern ways of living. While the schools have been improving notably in many ways, developing scholarship and the physical welfare of boys and girls, there has been but little conscious effort for the moral development of children. Ethics and morals have been cultivated in a hit or miss fashion. The schools defined the well-known virtues of honesty, truthfulness and courage, but they have been making little effort to teach the youngster how to practice these virtues. One effect of this deficiency has been the apparent increase in offenses against law and order among children of school age.

Educators are coming to realize that excellence of character is entitled at least to as great weight as scholastic attainment. Indeed in many cases a character diploma is regarded as of much more value than a diploma of scholarship standing. Today school practices are tending more and more to hold out before the pupils the value of character.

To this work The American Legion has made a singular and outstanding contribution through its plan of medal awards. It keeps constantly before the pupils the necessity for the cultivation of high character and the fact that wholesome ideals are extremely important to citizenship. The work the Legion is doing in this activity relates to one of the Legion's fundamental reasons for being, as set forth in the Preamble to its National Constitution.

Speaking of the Legion's peace program, which is constructively set out in the Preamble of its Constitution, Dr. John J. Tigert,

By Frank L. Pinola



Frank L. Pinola, Commander, The American Legion, Department of Pennsylvania

former United States Commissioner of Education, now of the University of Florida, said:

"If The American Legion can reach these objectives and can implant the ideals of education, patriotism and Americanism in the boys and girls of America—the coming generation of citizens—then no greater service could be rendered to the republic. No program is more direly needed today; no organization can so effectively promote such a program as the Legion; and there is little else that can be done for the nation's interests at this time."

An inquiry from Charles F. Moran Post at Downingtown, Pennsylvania, as to what method should be pursued in awarding a medal for a prize essay on Americanism in the schools stirred to activity the mind of Thomas Evans of Philadelphia, then a member of the State Americanism Commission of Pennsylvania. It occurred to Evans that a medal should be awarded to girls and boys somewhat along the line of the award provided for in the will of Cecil Rhodes. He and the other members of the Commission discussed the matter informally, and on May 5, 1921, the new idea having grown in his mind overnight and his imagination seeing the extensive usefulness of the project, he wrote to Edgar W. Baird, the Chairman of the Commission, outlining the project.

The Commission set to work and finally the dream of Legionnaire Evans became a realization. From a small beginning the award of medals has developed into a vast plan reaching from Maine to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Dr. Ward Brinton, another member of the State Americanism Commission, was at the time Commander of Harry Ingersoll Post of Philadelphia. His post received the plan enthusiastically and supported it from the beginning. It presented to the caucus of the Philadelphia delegation to the State Convention a resolution recommending the adoption of the plan and also suggested that it be extended as soon as practicable to include a separate award for the girls. The Philadelphians approved the resolution and went to Pittsburgh, where the next convention was held, and procured the adoption of the plan which gave to the posts of Pennsylvania this worthwhile project. Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, noted sculptor and British war veteran, then head of the Department of Physical Education of the University of Pennsylvania, was commissioned to execute the medal. After many suggestions and conflicting ideas, he produced the beautiful medal which was adopted. To satisfy the Marines, their motto, "Semper Fidelis," was placed on the reverse side of the medal at the feet of the soldier and sailor. Later, when the award for girls was adopted, Dr. McKenzie executed the beautiful design for the girl's medal.

Educators throughout the country are profuse in their commendation of the plan. Many of them who no longer tolerate contests of various kinds which may interfere with the studies of the pupils welcome The American Legion School Award because they feel that through the award the attention of all the pupils is focused directly upon their moral development. Dr. Edwin C. Broome, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Schools, says: "The



Girls' medal, obverse



Boys' medal, obverse

American Legion School Award has brought about a very pleasant and effective co-operation between the schools and the various Legion posts. They have stimulated the young people to greater effort and have established a high standard of conduct and achievement in many ways."

Posts which have been awarding medals during the past years are extremely enthusiastic over the results, and hundreds of other posts throughout the nation are beginning to share that enthusiasm. Beginning with the award in Pennsylvania in 1922 of 145 medals to the boys, the number increased to 328 in 1923, to 908 in 1924, to 929 in 1925, to 950 in 1926. In the spring of 1927 the Department of Pennsylvania presented the plan to the National Executive Committee and offered to give to the national organization the dies of the medals. This generous offer on the part of the Legionnaires of Pennsylvania was accepted, and the Pennsylvania plan of awards became a national plan. Today the award of the medals is one of the five major projects of The American Legion in its nation wide activities.

During the year 1927, 1512 boys' medals were awarded, and in 1928, 1804 medals were awarded. But long before the plan was adopted by the national organization its fame had transcended the boundaries of the State of Pennsylvania; that department was furnishing medals to posts in Louisiana, Florida and in Kansas. Today posts in practically every state of the Union are using the medals. When the writer presented the plan to the National Americanism Commission at its meeting held in January, 1928, and asked for an active development of the project, there was present a member of the Commission from California—Thomas W. McManus. He became enthusiastic about the idea and went back to California and sold the project to his co-Legionnaires, with the result that during 1929, six hundred medals were awarded in that department in about three hundred schools. "This year," writes McManus, "probably we will give out three thousand."

The medal is awarded to the boy who best represents those qualities of character and ability which, when properly cultivated and matured, will result in worthy citizenship and well-rounded manhood. In order to receive the medal he must have the highest total percentage on the following basis:

Honor: Strength and stability of character; high standards of conduct; keen sense of what is right; adherence to truth and conscience and devotion to duty and practice of clean speech 20



Reverse of boys' medal, The American Legion School Award, designed by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie. The reverse of the girls' medal is identical with this save for a slight difference in wording

Courage: Bravery in the face of opposition and danger, and grit to stand up for right and do one's duty 20
Scholarship: Scholastic attainment; evidence of industry and application in studies . . . 20
Leadership: Ability to lead and to accomplish through group action 20
Service: Kindliness; unselfishness, fellowship; protection of the weak and promotion of the interests and welfare of associates without hope of personal reward . . 20

Of course, the girls early complained because they were not eligible for the award and began clamoring for a medal of their own. This was but natural, so, as always happens, they got what they wanted in 1925. The qualities and qualifications for the girls were selected after considerable correspondence with many of the most prominent women of America, including Carrie Chapman Catt, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Jane Addams and others. The girl who receives the award on the following basis is certainly destined to become a model woman, for she must receive the highest total percentage for

hart, Jane Addams and others. The girl who receives the award on the following basis is certainly destined to become a model woman, for she must receive the highest total percentage for

Courage: Bravery in the face of opposition and danger, and grit to stand up for the fight to do one's duty 20
Character: High standards of conduct; keen sense of what is right; adherence to truth and conscience 20
Service: Kindliness; unselfishness; willingness to lend a helping hand; promotion of the interests and welfare of associates without hope of personal reward 20
Companionship: Ability to co-operate and get along with people and establish a feeling of comradeship; exhibition of good team play 20
Scholarship: Scholastic attainment; evidence of industry and application in studies 20

Far-seeing Legionnaires felt that the recipients of these medals could be of immense influence were they banded together, and so we have today associations of medal-award winners in the high schools of Philadelphia, in Allegheny County, and in many other counties of Pennsylvania.

Dr. William L. Davidson, superintendent of the Pittsburgh schools, has endorsed the club idea as an extra-curricular activity. As a result, there are now about five clubs in that district.

In Philadelphia, posts have also encouraged these clubs. The winners are given a dinner or banquet in June as well as an outing and field day.

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.



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ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

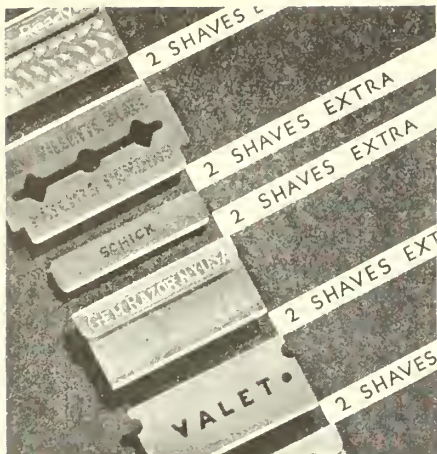
For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-case.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."



ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of OLD GOLDS reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since — with nary a cough in a carload.

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Mennen Salesman

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Address..... City.....

- ☐ Send me Mennen without Menthol.
☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced.

El Dorado of Black Gold

(Continued from page 29)

further indebtedness to army training. As a temporary jail El Dorado built "an army bull pen, lighted, with sentries on posts around," and housed the policemen and their families in a "barracks building." Other trained men who could do things quickly were drafted for sanitation details; among them the efficient garbage inspector, whose screens helped stave off the peril of epidemic when the heat and flies arrived—an ex-sergeant.

And you'll not be surprised to learn that the Mayor himself was also an ex-service man. "The name is Smith—Frank H." That same Smith who, in 1927, became the El Dorado post's commander.

In those first frenzied weeks when "minutes meant millions," the picture of El Dorado could be painted, with justice enough, as a modernized version of the Bad Old Days of 'Forty-nine. In fiery challenge orators of anarchy spoke their pieces from soap boxes. Not content with this, they "posted a flaming torch." Arson was the next logical step, and they proceeded to take it.

Thereupon the Legion post responded in language suited to the occasion. The Legionnaires fitted up a siren on the bull pen's wall to call out the guard. It worked so well that they caught one incendiary red-handed. After that, the fires ceased abruptly.

When occasion demanded, the Roy B. Kinarad Post also aided in giving bums the bums' rush. But these Legionnaires were of all classes of society, like any typical Legion post. In consequence they understood an important distinction—namely, that a bum is one thing, but a hobo something quite different. So these same Legionnaires who gave bums the appropriate "rush," opened an employment agency to assist itinerant laborers to find jobs, and aided emergency cases with food and shelter.

Meanwhile El Dorado, though likewise a young man's town—because the oil business entails a lot of hard, rough, and

often highly dangerous work—went on cleaning house. Dogged determination was required for this task. Literally, the housecleaners had to keep on the job "for years." This because as fast as one boom subsided another succeeded it. The discovery well, in January of 1921, was followed by the Cates field in August. Next year, Smackover's deep sands produced their heavy oils—and another period of big excitement. All around the compass from El Dorado new fields were developed. Another to the west in '23; another to the southwest as late as the latter part of '25.

As a terse summary of the history of that early day excitement, the one furnished me by Claude A. Brown, former state adjutant of the Arkansas Department, should suffice: "In restoring order the Legion post played a very important part; and with the passing of the boom days came stabilized government."

Two footnotes in sketchy outline, next; then we must skip on to modern times:

1. Love story. Case of Claude A. Brown, newspaper correspondent; meets Ruth McCurry, visiting her mother in El Dorado just as the boom arrives. Romance. Wedding bells. Christening of Mamie Ruth Brown.

2. Success story. Case of a college dean from Texas. In El Dorado becomes a real estate man and head of local Legion post. Now president of El Dorado Chamber of Commerce, National Commander of The American Legion, etc.

Visit El Dorado today and you find that in every aspect it presents a dizzy contrast to the "old city" of 1921. New hotels and office buildings raise a jagged skyline above the ancient site of "Hamburger Row." In the residential section, muddy roads once bordered with wall-tents and tar-paper shacks have been transformed into miles of well paved streets fronted by substantial homes. If any of the old landmarks remain, a stranger's eye must be sharp to discern them.

The Old Time Fourth

(Continued from page 43)

were in misery and still kept on eating.

About 1:30 in the afternoon the blue-uniformed town band marched imposingly into the band stand. The director looked over his musicians the way he thought Sousa did. Incidentally he pronounced the name of the great leader "Sowsa." Stirring pieces which made up in noise and enthusiasm what was lacking in harmony occupied the next half hour.

Then came the great event of the day. The mayor, with a clean shave and hair sleeked back, wearing his Sunday best, stepped to the front of the band stand and lifting a hand for silence, presented the orator of the day. And what a speech

came then! It lasted for two hours and was an epitome of world history. The speaker took the forefathers of America through the early struggles, fought through the French and Indian wars, and rose to supreme heights of eloquence in an intermediate peroration on George Washington.

An hour and a half more of it; then came the ball game, followed by a balloon ascension, which was a huge success. The balloon went up all of a thousand feet before the aeronaut cut loose, dropped a hundred feet or so to the gasps of the spectators before the parachute opened, and made a perfect landing.

Supper, from what was left from dinner, was eaten in the park, picnic style again. Then came the fireworks to top off the day!

After the fireworks dad and mother loaded the empty baskets and dishes and us dusty, sticky, exhausted kids into the surrey, and so home.

THE picnic dinner has practically vanished. Today people eat at restaurants and cafés—not, perhaps, as palatably as they did at the picnic spreads, but it's a lot easier on mother. Street exhibitions are no longer interesting. Balloon ascensions are out of date—a daredevil must change from plane to plane in midair to get any attention.

The old-time Fourth of July celebration had its ridiculous features, but it was far superior to the one of today. The flatness, the absolute inanity of the present-day celebration is doing as much to kill it as anything else. And there are other causes which may be considered briefly.

In the days of my boyhood, while there were telephones in some places in the country, there were none in my section. Only two men in our county had automobiles. Roads were impassable in bad weather. We didn't care for aged daily newspapers; the home-town weekly was good but purely local, and we seldom saw a magazine. Farm houses were far apart. We had few contacts with our neighbors. Dad had been to the World's Fair at Chicago—his only visit to a city—and mother had once visited relatives in St. Louis. For weeks during the winter we were shut in. A Fourth of July celebration was a real event in our lives.

A modern house now stands on the site of our old one. The family occupying it has a radio and a 'phone, of course. The road in front is paved and connects with other paved highways so that a spin to any one of several cities takes less time than it used to take to drive a team to the town where we usually celebrated the Fourth. The family has two automobiles. Daily newspapers are received daily, magazines come regularly. The folks frequently go to the cities and they know pretty well what's going on in the world. It's only seventy miles—a two-hours' auto ride—to a city where a major league baseball game may be seen by the man and his three sons and a good show may be attended by the wife and the two daughters. It's only a trifle farther to another city where the best automobile racers in the sport compete every holiday. Big cities have outgrown Fourth of July celebrations as a community enterprise, but they offer attractive entertainment for the visitors. Many of their residents seek the open spaces for golfing, fishing, boating, swimming—but not for celebrations. Who wants to mill around in the dust of unpaved streets? Who wants to eat picnic dinners in the park? Who wants even to be near an eagle-screaming speaker?

Independence Day is a great day. Thinking citizens, irrespective of how conditions may change, will continue to look upon it as a day of reconsecration and rededication—whether there are any speakers or not.



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FOLD-LIGHT

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 42)

place upon the graves. The Cook County Council has voted to bring our idea before the rest of the Legion."

Latest Armistice Day fathers reporting are:

Thomas Haslett and L. V. Waddell, Dud Cason Post of Blytheville, Arkansas; David S. Wright, Past Commander of Henry A. McNamara Post, Martinez, California; Louis W. Hagener, Adjutant, Harry A. White Post, Delta, Colorado; J. C. DuBois, Chatham Post, Savannah, Georgia; Guy Alford, Commander of Emanuel County Post, Swainsboro, Georgia; Roy W. Ewing, Galesburg, Illinois; R. P. Haake, Homer Dahringer Post, Waukegan, Illinois; Dr. A. B. Middleton, Pontiac, Illinois; Ward Robertson, North Vernon, Indiana; Owen C. Crowe, Mount Vernon, Indiana; Marion R. Mayberry, Harper (Kansas) Post; Dr. Thomas A. Mayhew, Thomas Hopkins Post, Wichita, Kansas; Dr. T. T. Gibson, Middlesboro, Kentucky, Daniel Boone Post, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee; Francis Roberts, Fairhaven (Massachusetts) Post; Carl J. Benning, Goad-Ballinger Post, Springfield, Missouri.

Wiley R. Moore, Florence L. Bailey Post, Gulfport, Mississippi; Archie Pearson, Flathead Post, Kalispell, Montana; Fred William Ferguson, Roselle Park, New Jersey, Argonne Post, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Joseph Wood, Frank I. Donnelly Post, Plainfield, New Jersey; Harold W. Naylor, Rockville Centre (New York) Post; Edward C. Moag (twins), John J. Welsh Post, Niagara Falls, New York; Frank E. Wilson,

Brooklyn, New York; Frank A. Ruckman, Falconer (New York) Post; Hernon W. Tuttle, Adjutant, Wayne Post, Goldsboro, North Carolina; J. D. Morrison, Hurst Turner Post, Statesville, North Carolina; Fred E. Wineland, Vernon McCune Post, Toledo, Ohio; John A. Pewthers, Mary Alice Baker Post, Mountain View, Oklahoma; J. L. Jordan, Stayton (Oregon) Post; Dr. G. E. Holt, Pendleton, Oregon; H. T. Gilder, L. O. Crane Post, Lawrenceburg, Tennessee; Rev. W. B. Harvey, Raleigh County Post, Beckley, West Virginia; Robert F. Scherneck, Madison, Wisconsin, Elmer Peterson Post, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin; Melvin A. Mors, Carl Nelson Post, Osseo, Wisconsin, L. S. Strain, Laramie, Wyoming.

Universal Brotherhood

THOSE who have fought in obedience to duty and conscience belong to a universal brotherhood, so when William Zichur, a veteran of the German army, arrived in Horicon, Wisconsin, he became a welcome visitor at the social meetings of Horicon Post of The American Legion. Zichur was happy in his adopted home. He applied for American citizenship. But tragedy intervened. William Zichur died. Then Horicon Post Legionnaires marched in William Zichur's funeral procession.

Horicon Post's rifle salute and bugle call at William Zichur's grave have been heard all through Germany. Horicon's Rotary Club sent to every Rotary club in Germany a letter telling of William Zichur's funeral. **RIGHT GUIDE**

Haiti

(Continued from page 9)

of the island is about one-third of what it was then.

Before the occupation Haiti was a plague spot. The remarkable development of sanitation and improvement of the general health has won the approbation of the bitterest opponents of the occupation. They say that this work will be carried on by the Haitian doctors whom we have been educating for the task. Towns have been cleaned up, excellent hospitals established in the principal cities and rural clinics placed within the reach of all. The doctors attending them travel more than a thousand miles that distance by automobile. The number of treatments administered during the twelve months past exceeded 1,400,000.

Expenditures entailed by these and all other governmental activities have been met from current revenues, in addition to a reduction of the public debt from \$30,000,000 to \$17,000,000, with an unobligated balance of \$4,000,000 in the treasury.

The material benefits are facts not subject to debate. In their accomplish-

ment the occupation has made mistakes. But after three months on the ground and a look at every side of Haitian life the wonder to me is that the mistakes have been so few.

After a fifteen days' stay the presidential commission abruptly departed, saying that its mission had been fulfilled. Doubtless it had done about all that there was any use of doing. There has never been any serious question of our leaving Haiti in 1936, and there is not a lot that anyone can do after that. The structure that the occupation has created will hold together for a while. But not long. Members of the opposition will privately admit that government by revolution will return as a matter of course. Members of the oldtime German and French foreign colony, the real masters of the republic before the Americans came, make no bones of their desire for this. They financed the old revolutions and it was a profitable business.

The commission went home and presented its report. It was received with dismay in Haiti, where, for reasons difficult to explain to those unfamiliar with

the Haitian character, the belief was widespread among those who were aware of the commission's existence, that it would recommend a virtual and immediate dismantling of the occupation. On the contrary the report commended the work of the occupation. It made a few suggestions, though nothing revolutionary, calculated to effect a gradual diminution of American influence looking toward a complete withdrawal in 1936.

Returning to the United States shortly after the publication of the report, I found that about all the average American retained of the commission's activities were the newspaper headlines on the daily reports that appeared in the press during its sojourn on the island. The opposition had the lion's share of the public hearings that made news for the reporters accompanying the commission. This form of flattery was helpful in ironing out a transient difficulty over the presidential succession, but it was rather rough on the occupation. Our newspapers told the old story. Russell is a "dictator." The "Haitian people" cry for freedom. The occupation has done little or no good.

The fact that has never been made clear to any extent is that the "Haitian people" thus mentioned comprise some three one-hundredths of the population whose exploitation of the other ninety-seven percent was what brought Haiti to the point where international decency forced us to intercede fifteen years ago. The occupation has tried to better the lot of the two million peasants in the hills, whose state has been hardly improved by their nominal release from slavery a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

We have bettered their lot but not enough to do any good after we leave. And in all of the criticism that I have ever heard of our work in Haiti I have never heard it seriously argued that we could have done for the peasant more than we have.

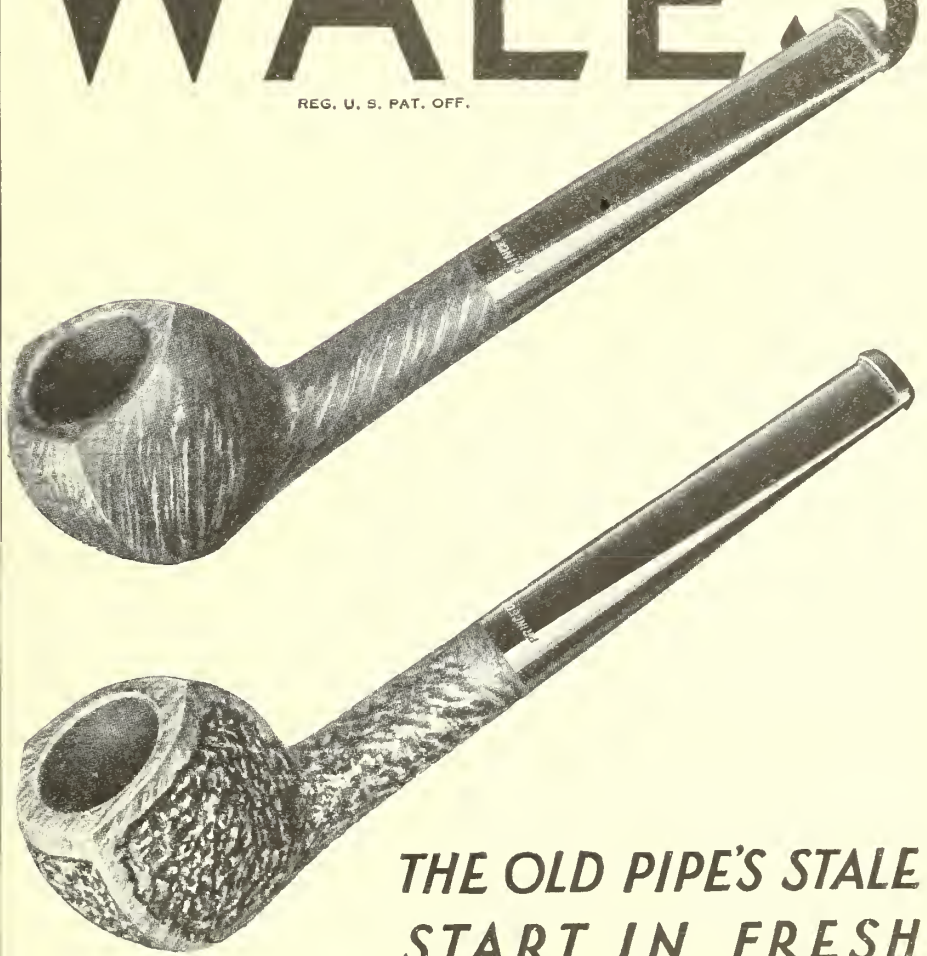
The ideal would be to bring these people to a plane where they can govern themselves. That would take from three to five generations and we have six years. We could stay if we wanted to, and in a way it is a pity that we do not stay, but Haiti isn't worth the candle. Latin-American relations form an important item in our national policy, and for the general good of the Western Hemisphere it is not worth the risk to our prestige elsewhere to remain where we are unwanted by the only class of Haitians who have a voice.

It is expected that before long the office of high commissioner will be discontinued and General Russell succeeded by a civilian minister. He will retire with honor from an utterly thankless post. He has proved an able colonial administrator; many an American community would welcome a government as disinterested and efficient as the one he has given Haiti. He has governed Haiti in peace, and changed it from a plague-spot, physically and politically, to something at least resembling a nation. This peace has not been sustained by American bayonets. It has been sustained by American character, and it will be short-lived after 1936.

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Big Moments

(Continued from page 19)

reassured me. "Lieutenant," he said, "I want you to be the President's bodyguard. There he sits down there with Mrs. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Lansing. When the service is over you escort him to his car, and ride along with the party on the running-board. Consider yourself the President's private bodyguard!"

Big moment! Well, I'll tell the world!
—VINCENT G. BURNS, *Palisade, N. J.*

OUTRANKED

\$10 Prize

IT WAS Christmas afternoon, December, 1918. President Wilson and his party, following their dinner with officers and men of the 20th Division, stopped at the village of Sarrey, Haute Marne, to see conditions as they were. The scene was a second-story billet in a barn.

President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Monsieur and Madame Jusserand, General Pershing, Lieutenant General Liggett, Admiral Grayson, and a number of other high ranking officers stood in the dim light of the billet and looked over the men's quarters where they had their bed sacks laid out on the hay and straw with their equipment in the prescribed orderly arrangement. Either Mrs. Wilson or Madame Jusserand, and I do not now recall which, expressed a curiosity as to how the men's shelter halves could be made into a tent. Pershing quickly got down on the floor, took from the carefully laid out equipment of two men their shelter halves, tent poles and pins, and very efficiently set up a pup tent in the straw.

Pershing turned away, when Wilson stepped forward, touched him on the shoulder and said, "As your commanding officer, I order you to leave the equipment of these men in the condition that you found it." Pershing quickly went down on his knees, refolded the shelter halves, rearranged the equipment, and the incident was closed.—CHARLES R. CABOT, *Boston, Mass.*

SELFLESSNESS

\$10 Prize

THE biggest moment of my life in the Army came on September 26, 1918, during the Meuse-Argonne drive.

I was attached to the 138th U. S. Infantry, 35th Division, Medical Detachment, and while performing my duties I came across two men in a shell hole about one mile outside of Cheppy. As I came up to these men, one was begging and crying to be sent to a hospital out of danger, and the other one was lying still and looking at him. After an examination I found the one making all the noise had been only slightly gassed and ninety-five percent scared while his buddy, who was saying nothing, had been shot twelve times in the legs and could not move. After I had tagged both men, I found I had only one stretcher and as it was impossible to carry two men on it, I ordered the man who had been seriously shot taken back

to the hospital. But as the stretcher bearers started to lift him on the stretcher, he called me to him and begged me to send his buddy back first, because he had a wife and baby back home in the States that needed him badly. He himself, the badly wounded man said, had no one waiting for him and he would wait until someone else came along and picked him up. The poor fellow didn't live long enough for us to get him on a stretcher.
—WALTER D. DIXON, *Jefferson Barracks, Mo.*

"IT IS NOW PEACE TIME"

\$10 Prize

IT WAS in Lager Letchfeldt, near Augsburg in Bavaria, where five or six of us Americans were K. G.'s—Kaiser's Guests we called it—or *Kriegsgefangen*.

Ours was a cosmopolitan crowd, the five or six Americans, English, Scotch, French, Italians, Serbs, Russians, Moroccan and other nationalities.

About six o'clock in the evening of November 11, 1918, the door burst open and in walked a lot of gold braid and our Italian and Russian friends. At a word from the big chief, an Italian stepped forward and spoke his piece in three or four languages. We knew it must be good news but what it was we knew not. He stepped back and our Russian friend took the center of the stage, speaking to his folks. Then, last of all:

"English and America"—a pause and deep concentration—"the German generals and your generals have met." A longer pause. "It is now peace time."

"It is now peace time" remains my Big Moment.—L. J. COX, *Rochester, N. Y.*

UNDER THE MUZZLE

\$10 Prize

IT WAS the morning of July 21, 1918. Our outfit—the First Battalion of the Fifteenth Field Artillery, Second Division—was firing a creeping barrage in support of the First Moroccan Division, at Vauxcastile, in the Soissons attack.

I was in charge of firing the barrage for B Battery and, as a result, it was my duty to give each of the four gun section chiefs new firing data every two minutes. Ordinarily I would have walked behind the pieces but as our position was on the very edge of a railroad embankment, this was impracticable, so I ducked under the muzzle as I passed before each one.

Now it so happens that I am rather rangy—and perhaps a little lazy—so that after a couple of hours I became tired of ducking and adopted the system of glancing behind the gun shield to see if the gunner were about to pull the lanyard. If he was, I ducked; if not, I passed in front of the muzzle instead of under it.

On one round I decided to walk erect in front of the gun. But for some reason unknown to me even to this day, I ducked, and on that instant—as my head was directly under the muzzle—the gun fired

and out sped the shell which would have finished me.—JOHN DODGE CLARK, *Maplewood, N. J.*

"HELLO, KID" \$10 Prize

BILLETED in the little town of Compeau-fountain, I used to get quite a kick out of parading my Montreal French on the natives.

There was a certain pious old lady in the town, by the name of Tisserand, who thought it would be very nice if she could learn some sort of a dignified greeting in English for the padre.

One of the boys named Flanagan was only too anxious to teach her.

Coming down the village street one morning, accompanied by two West Pointers, I met the old lady and with the snappiest salute at my command said, "Bon jour, madame."

With a very dignified bow she answered, "Hello, kid."—REV. WILLIAM P. CALLAHAN, *Circle, Mont.*

WHEN THE GAS MASKS FAILED \$10 Prize

MY OUTFIT, a company of the Sixth Marines, Second Division, was getting its first experience in trench warfare in March of 1918 in the Toulon Sector near Verdun. Scattered among us were several French soldiers, detailed to show us the art of trench warfare.

After a few days of hardening, volunteers were sought for a patrol. We proceeded out into No Man's Land but a few yards when hell broke loose.

A bell was ringing insistently from our own front line, our signal for gas, and one of our Frenchmen bellowed out "Gas." We could see him adjusting his mask. Each of us quickly adjusted his gas mask and pulled for air through the mouthpiece from the chemical can. But no air would come through.

My Biggest Moment came when one of our Frenchmen took off his mask, sniffed the air and said, "Pas gaz, pas gaz."—H. P. COTTINGHAM, *Noblesville, Ind.*

STATISTICS FOR THE ENEMY \$10 Prize

IT WAS sometime after we had occupied Germany up to the Rhine. Rumors were rampant that the commission from Germany would not agree to the terms to be reached at the Trier Conference (the exact date I do not know). One night while taking the train at Coblenz to my post at Hatzenport, train space was all taken. I saw a sign on a section of the train written in German and German signs were nothing in my life. I put my head in the window and saw a vacant seat and occupied it.

In the compartment with me were six or seven civilian Germans evidently of the higher class, and conversation soon was going on. Some of them spoke to me in English and some of them spoke to me in French. They began to bombard me with questions. Just then an American freight train (Continued on page 56)

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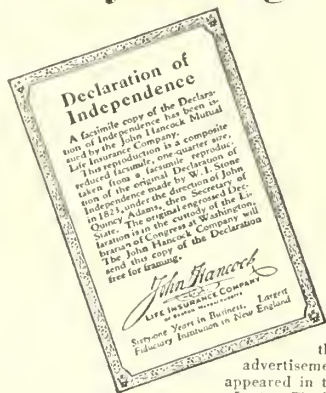
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Big Moments

(Continued from page 55)

passed us. I told them that this particular train contained ammunition and supplies for our troops along the Rhine and more was coming because we had been informed the German Commission would be obstreperous at the Trier Conference and we were preparing to go deeper into Germany, perhaps to Berlin. I then reached my destination. Two or three nights later I was again waiting for my train at Coblenz when three Cadillac cars drove to the station and in one of the cars was an American colonel and a German colonel in full uniform. They had come to meet the commission from Trier, I was informed, and when the train came in, who should get off but my traveling companions of a few days before. I have often wondered how much my "line" helped in getting the commission to submit to our demands.—DR. P. H. FLEMING, St. Martinville, La.

HORSE OR MAN?

\$10 Prize

I WAS an officer in a machine gun company, when the First Division went into billets in the old Gondrecourt area. I rode a little sorrel horse with beautiful flowing mane and tail. A noted French artist visited the area. Seeing me riding Teddy, the horse, he sent a man after me.

Through his interpreter he informed me he wanted to paint a picture of the typical American soldier and of a typical American horse. I gave him my name and referred him to the regimental commander.

Next day I was ordered to report, with my horse, to pose for the artist. Swelled up? I personally groomed Teddy. Polished my boots and Sam Browne, put on my best uniform and rode to the house the artist had for a studio.

"Monsieur wishes to thank the lieutenant for the horse," the interpreter said. "He is indeed welcome." I bowed to the artist. "Does he want me to pose mounted or dismounted?" I inquired.

"Oh! Ah! Hurr'ump!" the interpreter stammered. "The lieutenant must have misunderstood. Monsieur has chosen Private Leader as the typical American soldier."

Leader was a half-blood Cherokee Indian out of my company.

The picture of Leader and Teddy hang in the Louvre today. They were there in 1927, anyway.—CLINT GREENE, Phoenix, Ariz.

PAWN OF THE WAVES

\$10 Prize

FEBRUARY, 1919, and homeward bound. Three days of seasickness had kept me in my bunk most of the time since leaving Le Havre on *La Lorraine*.

The morning of the fourth day found the sea slightly less rampant and my illness gone. I ran across an open space leading to the deck house and clung to the hand-rail which followed around it.

Suddenly a mountain of green water

seemed to rise up before us! It appeared to be fifty feet higher than our own level, growing larger and louder as it approached. The ship rolled far over to starboard and the green wall of water met us with a terrific rush! I gripped the hand-rail in vain; the mighty wave dashed me against the deck house; my hold was broken!

Then I seemed to touch something. In a moment I was floundering on my stomach, fifty feet down the deck from my former position and grabbed the outside rail! Thank God!—G. T. MCKINNEY, Youngsville, Pa.

HE SAW HIS DAUGHTER

\$10 Prize

MY HUSBAND went to France with the A. E. F. late in May, and on July 1, 1918, our baby girl was born, in the Everett Sanatorium, Lincoln, Nebraska. From that day I lived for the hour when he would get back home—and see the baby. But in October, in the deep Argonne, he was wounded, and for awhile it looked as if he might not come. Then he was sent home to America on a hospital ship, and in February we received word that he was in Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. And because he was in a hurry to see the babe whom he had never seen we made the trip to Washington.

All the way from North Dakota to Washington we went—the seven-months-old girl and I; and then one Sunday morning we arrived and went out to Walter Reed Hospital—and I carried the baby in to see her daddy. That was my big moment.

And had we not gone, it would have been too late. The baby's daddy died three weeks later. In Lincoln, Nebraska, there is a V. F. W. post named the "Richard L. Harris Post" for my husband. And there is likewise a "Frances Lorraine Auxiliary" named for the little daughter who made that long trip to Washington to see her daddy.—MRS. RICHARD L. HARRIS, Tacoma, Wash.

THE MONSTER IN THE DARK

\$10 Prize

ON BOARD ship, en route to France, we were told that five blasts of the boat whistle meant submarine attack and required instant attendance at our boat-stations.

One night we heard the deep roar of the ship's whistle. Five blasts!!! We had felt no shock nor heard any explosion, but all ran to their stations while I, as officer of the day, felt it my duty to find the cause of alarm. I started running in the dark and had covered about two-thirds of the distance to the deck when suddenly I sensed and dimly saw a vast bulk looming in front of me. I crashed into the object and fell. Wave upon wave of horror thrilled me! Under me, upon the floor, lay some large animal moaning and clutching me. My terrified fingers

felt a soft blubbery mass, quivering and jelly-like in substance.

Trembling with horror, I ran to the deck and was told that the alarm had been given because another ship had nearly rammed us.

I started back to spread the news. At the door-way I had so hastily vacated a short time before, I met the thing! It was one of the nurses who, upon hearing the submarine alarm, had donned her non-sinkable rubber suit, and had then blown it up with air.—DR. S. A. LEVEY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE LOCKED ROOM

\$10 Prize

MOVING up after the Armistice, we took over the little German town, Hetzerath. It being hostile territory, we pitched our own billets. We sure weren't welcomed there much at the start.

Four of us took one house and talked the landlady into letting us have a vacant room. Mom, as we later called her, seemed very motherly, but something was decidedly wrong.

One room was locked and this struck us funny. So at our first opportunity we tried to open it and were caught in the act by mom, who rushed in on us. After argument she agreed to unlock the door. We had pictured guns and whatnots behind that closed door. As the door was opened we stood ready for a rush. A black room faced us. Mom crossed herself, then went in and pulled up two window shades to let in the light, which fell on a table on which stood two pictures, draped in black, two young faces and one old one. It was her sacrifice, a husband and two sons. What a toll! I looked at mom, and we fellows looked at each other; and with a lump in our throats we walked out in silence.

From then on, we were mom's boys. When we left she shed tears. God bless her! —FRED L. MOYNAHAN, *Talmage, Calif.*

HE CAUGHT A FISH

\$10 Prize

WHILE stationed in Langres, France, I was impressed by the large number of Frenchmen sitting along the canal fishing and never catching any fish.

I decided to try my luck, but had none.

After numerous experiments I finally fashioned with fine thread a piece of bacon rind and a small chicken feather as a special lure.

After spending nearly the whole of one sunny afternoon working this bait, I was suddenly surprised to get a small nibble, and presently I landed a nice shining, wiggling fish—exactly three inches long.

Such excitement and such jabbering—all the Frenchmen within sight came hurrying along to see the catch of the season.

I offered the fish to three small sons of one of these fishermen. The oldest boy gently placed the fish in the family basket—half bushel capacity—and with the two younger ones trotting alongside as a bodyguard, started on a run for the town with their wondrous prize.

Yes, sir, I was the hero of the day—I

had caught a fish in a French canal.—D. ELVIN ROSENBERGER, *Upper Darby, Pa.*

THE CORPORAL ON THE JOB

\$10 Prize

ASICKENING shock, then six blasts from her siren like the bellows of some prehistoric monster, and the U. S. S. *San Diego* swung helplessly in a wide circle with a pronounced list to port.

"Do you know you've got four men in the brig?" bawled the gunnery sergeant to Corporal Raven.

"I know it," said Raven.

"What in hell are you going to do about it?"

"I am going down after them," and he did.

His face was white as he disappeared into the darkness below, for the water was now in our dynamo room and the ship was totally dark inside.

When two decks down and Raven had reached the foot of the ladder leading to the C. P. O. quarters just back of the brig, the water was up to his armpits and the ship was listing so badly that he kept his feet only with difficulty. The prisoners in the brig were yelling like maniacs, so he had little trouble in feeling his way from stanchion to stanchion toward them.

My big moment came when, after waiting for several age-long minutes, Corporal Raven, U. S. M. C., with his prisoners in tow emerged dripping from the hatch. The ship sank ten minutes later.

He received no citation—he was acting in line of duty.—IRVING H. WANZER, *Glen Ellyn, Ill.*

"THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD"

\$10 Prize

THE troop train from Liverpool to Southampton stopped at dawn on an embankment a mile or two outside Reading. I looked at the scenery which was taking form as the dawn wind blew away the mist.

Ye gods! What a coincidence! We had stopped above the Holy Brook which in the Middle Ages brought water for the monks to Reading Abbey, one of the historic monasteries of Merrie England, and near which I was born. Thirty years before that gray morning in 1918, as an English boy I had many and many a day fished for gudgeon, dace and roach along that stream.

And now, thirty years later, I had come back—via Alaska and the Philippines—as a colonel in the American Army.

It was almost as if there were two of us—that English boy and the American officer. For a moment I felt the autochthonic tug of my native soil; but only for a moment. For my Texas wife says that I am more American than a native-born, and who wouldn't be when he first saw the Old Flag in Alaska, expended much sweat and some blood following it through the Philippine jungles, then hoisted it for ten years in our national parks?

Yes, there were other moments, but my really Big Moment was when there were two of me in that English railroad compartment for a (Continued on page 58)

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Big Moments

(Continued from page 57)

few minutes—the English boy and the American officer.—JOHN R. WHITE, *Sequoia National Park, Calif.*

REUNION

\$10 Prize

I SERVED during the War with Company B, 18th Infantry, First Division, and on February 3, 1918, we were holding a sector near Seicheprey, France.

About 5 o'clock in the morning the Germans threw over on us one of the worst barrages I believe I experienced during the war. Suddenly I heard a scream that almost curdled my blood. Looking up, I saw that a hand grenade squad had been almost blown to pieces.

I found that the most severely wounded of them was a very dear friend of mine whom I had enlisted with, and had known for some time before the war. There he lay with blood streaming from what was left of his two arms, he was deadly white and was pleading for someone to finish him rather than face life in the condition he was in, both hands gone.

Tourniquets were soon put on him and out over the parapet he was carried to a first aid station. There we left him.

Although I had from time to time heard that he was getting along, I never saw him again until the fall of 1928 when the First Division held its reunion in Los Angeles.

You can imagine our surprise when we came face to face with each other. The papers all had our pictures with our arms

around each other, and believe me that was some reunion as far as he and I were concerned. He is Charles C. McGonegal. Not so long ago he was elected commander of Los Angeles County Council. The American Legion.—LEONARD C. PRICE, *Los Angeles, Calif.*

FATE INTERVENED

\$10 Prize

MY BIG Moment occurred at Ellis Island where I was stationed in the Spring of 1918.

One evening I was in the main office at Ellis Island and happened to be watching the ticker which was connected with Headquarters across the bay, and imagine my surprise when my name came slowly out on the tape. "Winters, Harold Raymond, drafted to U. S. S. *Cyclops*." Although I had seen the collier *Cyclops* anchored out in the harbor taking on a cargo of locomotives, she wasn't exactly my idea of anything to get excited over. Nevertheless, it was a ship and any ship was better than being forced to help win the war on an island located only a short way from New York.

My greatest disappointment came a short while later when I was notified that I could not go, as my records and pay accounts could not be found.

It undoubtedly was a stroke of luck for me as the *Cyclops* disappeared at sea with all hands and nothing has been heard of the brave men who manned her.—HAROLD R. WINTERS, *Ambrose, N. D.*

Ideas While You Wait

(Continued from page 15)

young deb whose party will be handled through a publicity agency feels that in this way she is sure that only the nicest things will be said.

Of course where immense fees are available personal publicity at times becomes a masterpiece of the art. In the first place just why certain personalities are good news and others no news is one of the mysteries which not even the priests of the publicity craft understand.

For instance, whenever a big liner comes from abroad into New York harbor there may be financiers like J. P. Morgan or George F. Baker, who dislike publicity, shut up like clams, dodge the camera. They are good news. But some explorer or aviator who talks his head off or some sensational actress or prize fighter—although all the odds appear to be in their favor as news—somehow do not "go over." Tex Rickard was always good news, I am told. Valentino was good news. But not their successors!

"Selling" a President to the United States is a national enterprise, not only before but after an election, particularly in the days when his "honeymoon" is over. Much of this "selling" is done

without the connivance of the man himself. Roosevelt "got the news," on his own. He needed no publicity except that which came from his own cut and slash instinct for adventure. Smith has a good deal of ability to get along by making his own news—pointing out again the truth that *making* news is worth ten times the policy of *writing* the news. Coolidge made news in his own inimitable shy way; whenever those around him tried to make news for him it often threw him into a ridiculous light; photographs showing him making hay in starched cuffs, milking a little, astounded Jersey cow, or wearing a ten gallon cowboy hat! Hoover leans toward mass-production methods and his publicity advisers sometimes make the mistake of dramatizing a conference on a log on the Rapidan River with MacDonald in advance of, instead of after, the Naval Parley in London.

Nevertheless, personal publicity, in its active broadcast and its negative suppression of the imperfections in the diamond of character, carried on as it is today with a hundred old and new mediums of distribution, can no doubt "sell" a President—for a time at least. It can even

"oversell" a man. When General Wood was entering the campaign for the Republican nomination in 1920 he spoke to me of the amount of publicity which it was proposed should be sent out. I replied that my advice would be for him to return to his army service in Gary, that the least we said to disturb the picture the country already had of him the better he would be. There was his record of great and honorable administration and, right or wrong, his courage to speak out the truth as he saw it! His was a rugged figure. Let it alone!

The sequel of that conversation in my own experience was when I saw Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago after the convention had nominated Harding shouting to a group of City Hall "boys," "Well, there goes Wood for good! They made a soap-maker his manager and he advertised him, 'He floats.' And that sunk him!"

A good many years ago I attacked a vicious schedule of the tariff. The man who had engineered that schedule through Congress felt that he had been under too much criticism. Suddenly it was announced that his friends were to give him a birthday dinner—a good testimonial. And it was grand! The most distinguished citizens attended. The public never knew who paid the bills . . . He did.

The oldest and perhaps most successful public relations counsel in the United States lays great stress upon this: he says with great solemnity, no doubt justified by the importance of his clients, that the fundamental function of a publicity advertiser is to assist in making the policy which is to affect public relations. For instance, he may go to a public utility corporation and urge that it adopt as a publicity measure a plan for consumer ownership of the securities of that corporation. This may be most wise advice. It tends to make the consumer, who used to believe quite against the fact that his electric meter was a liar, look upon the meter as his friend as well as his enemy. Monthly bills on one side; but dividends on the other! Furthermore, it makes news. It gives the publicity man something to write about; he, no less than the reporter who used to write all the news, is now striving to find real news to feed to the press, i. e., real news in the sense that a reporter without bias would have bitten at it. And according to the skill of the publicity man news can and shall be made! The better the publicity man the more he will influence policy of his clients to the end that the public will approve that policy and acclaim it as good news—not half bad!

Veils went out of style a few years ago. So did corsets and long skirts. Then who came knocking at the door of publicity? Idle veil makers, woolen, cotton and silk industries. Every publicity man has stories to tell about his resourcefulness, his nights lying awake, staring at the ceiling—thinking, thinking, thinking—"How to get veils back? How, oh how, to get 'em worn again!"

And in the process excursions were made to Paris. Designers were bought to get away from little, simple shoes. Count-

ess Bric-a-Brac was persuaded to appear at the Derby in a long skirt. The terrible effect of closely fitting felt hats on women's hair might be exposed by a European specialist in order to create a demand for lace hats; veils might be reintroduced through a Spanish mantilla motif in the styles.

There are of course the problems of what mediums to use for each publicity problem. Many of these mediums are purchasable, some are only partly purchasable, and others such as the great bulk of newspapers are not purchasable at all but are open for news on its merits whatever its source may be.

Newspapers which are above hypocrisy, openly admit that much they print comes from sources outside their staff. It is said, as I have pointed out, that perhaps two-thirds of the printed news row comes not as news which is *gotten* by the papers, but as news which is *given* them.

Suppose, however, that editors do in fact accept for printing only the material "given, not gotten" which has legitimate news value; even then, we who read must weigh the undoubted fact that in the field of real news—admitting that the news is news—the stream from any one source or side is not the same as a stream from various sources, or in case there are two sides to a question, from both sides.

The positive side of everything is the side to be on in publicity. I was commissioned at one time to analyze the success of Billy Sunday and Aimee McPherson. My conclusion was that each succeeded in creating, even by attacking the devil, the sense of a fighting, battling, right side; the right was militant, tuneful, marching, going, irresistible—and triumphant! The essence of our natures loves conflict. Sunday and Aimee dramatized that conflict and always ended up by victory—victory—victory! The triumph of assertion.

And the triumph of assertion may be used about soap as well as souls.

Finally, I discover in a survey of the field of the publicity profession that the practitioners, who on the whole are as meticulous as the bar in their sense of obligation to clients and the public interest, are giving profound consideration to the ethics of their profession.

The dean of this diplomatic corps, Mr. Ivy Lee of New York, emphasizes several points of the ethics of his profession. First, that it is his duty to prevail upon his clients to make good news by adopting good policy. Second, that the source of publicity should always be disclosed. Third, that truth and nothing but the truth should be told, not only on the ground of ethics but on the ground that a lie will out. I have stated this with much more brevity than Mr. Lee, but no one will mind.

Every now and then we must remember the age of "learning" in which we are living. We are covered by publicity and propaganda. We need occasionally the towel of our own horse sense to wipe some of it out of our eyes and ears.

A concluding article by Mr. Child will deal with "Canned Causes."

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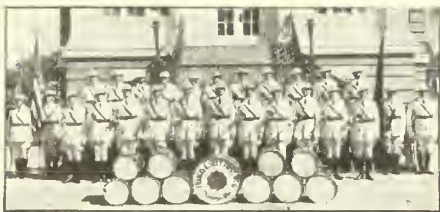
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The Affair of the Saw Tooth Bayonet

(Continued from page 13)

the duckboard, and the expression on his face announced something important.

"Footprints are clear in the mud," he told Casey, aside. "Whoever he was, he looked in the office window first, then went and climbed into the window of the back room. There's storage houses on both sides that kept the sentry from seeing him. He took a box from the step of the house on the right and carried it to the window and used it to stand on to climb in. Small box. About a dozen-bean-cann size."

"How high was the window sill from the ground?"

"About here," Westfall answered. He indicated his own chest.

"No higher'n that?"

"Lower if anything. The man climbed on the box . . ."

"What does that tell you?"

"What?"

"It tells me something," Casey said. "What about your fingerprints?"

"Lots of 'em. On the sill and the foot locker. But they're just smears, as if he wore gloves."

Casey digested this before he asked casually: "The footprints? Civilian?"

"Hobnails. Rain had 'em pretty well washed already, but I'd say it was an enlisted man."

"I suppose you would," Casey muttered.

He nodded to the adjutant, who led them to his room at the opposite end of the barracks.

"Sit down on the cot," Herty invited. His fingers played nervously with the chain from his glasses.

"You had something to tell?" Casey began.

"There's a captain, Sergeant. Till's his name. He'd been A. W. O. L. two days in Paris. Got home tonight. Colonel asked him to report soon's he came . . ."

"And he didn't report?" Casey prompted.

"Oh, yes, immediately. You'll hear about it. That's why I'm telling you. It seems the sentry claims he heard them yelling at each other . . . Colonel Furlong and Till."

"When was that?"

"About fifteen minutes before Abel found the body."

Westfall whistled. Casey asked quietly: "What'd this captain say, sir, when he got back?"

"Said he got a lacing. Insists he left the colonel sitting at his desk. I wanted to say, Sergeant, that Till's all right. Been absent a few times . . . a little unsteady but he wouldn't kill a man . . ."

"Wouldn't plan to, you mean," Casey amended. "Reckon few people would. I'll see him next, Lieutenant. In the meantime, if you'll please, sir, bring the signatures from headquarters of all the officers on file, signatures and a sample of writing if you've got it. This colonel had a dogrobber?"

"Of course. A Polish boy. Named Novitski. Acted as chauffeur, too."

"I want him," Casey said. He looked at Herty again thoughtfully. He was still toying with his glasses. Nervous, Casey reflected, nervous as a rookie on parade. He asked abruptly: "Colonel Furlong keep anything valuable in his locker? Money or liquor?"

"Not that I know of. No money, I'm positive."

"How'd you know that?"

"He never seemed to have much. Often had to borrow. Borrowed from all of us. Just last night before he went out he asked me for two hundred francs."

"Did he pay it back?"

"This morning. Usually paid it back next day. But he never had much money around."

"Where'd he go last night?"

"Into Le Mans. Two nights a week usually."

"You've got a key to the locker?"

"Yes." The adjutant nodded. "He had me keep an extra one in my desk. Now and then he would ask me to get something out of it."

Casey was silent for a moment. When he did speak, he inquired casually: "Know anybody around here that's got a souvenir saw tooth bayonet?"

He heard the adjutant's breath suck in. Herty looked up quickly.

"What you mean?" his voice quavered.

"A saw tooth bayonet," Casey repeated. "Why, no . . ." Herty answered. "What are you getting at, Sergeant?"

"I'm asking about a bayonet, sir," Casey repeated; "a saw tooth. I'm going to ask every man in camp, maybe, 'fore I'm through."

"Did a bayonet kill him?" the adjutant asked. His voice quavered again.

"Ain't for me to say what killed him, sir," Casey answered. "I'll visit Captain Till now, sir."

A moment later they were in the captain's room.

The two operators waited for the officer to speak. He cleared his throat twice. His eyes were bloodshot; looking, Casey thought, exactly as they might if a man had been A. W. O. L. in Paris, not to mention coming home to a murder. The sergeant prompted him.

"You had an interview with the colonel last night, sir?"

"He laced me," Till admitted. He drew a long breath and began to speak freely. "Gave me plain hell. I'd been away . . . got back . . . adjutant said Furlong wanted to see me. I went . . ."

"We heard that much. What'd you say, sir, and what did he?"

"I saluted, naturally. And I said, 'Captain Till reports, sir,' and he said . . ."

"Where was he?" Casey demanded.

"He was sitting at his desk looking straight in front of him," Captain Till answered, "and he said, 'Till, I'm going to make an example of you. I'm going to break you.'"

"I said I didn't give a damn about the commission, sooner I got out of uniform the better I'd like it. That was my mean-

ing. Maybe I didn't use exactly those words."

"And he said . . ."

"To get to hell out of his sight."

There was a moment of silence after that. "Then?" Casey prompted.

"I saluted. Oh, I know how to be military. He didn't answer my salute. Just sat there looking at the back wall when I closed the door."

Casey was staring indifferently about the small room. He spoke unexcitedly. "You got a saw tooth bayonet, Captain?"

Till drew back sharply. "Me? A bayonet? Why do you ask that?"

"Got one?"

"Why, damn you, yes. But what's that got to do . . ."

"Bayonet killed him, sir," Casey remarked; "a saw tooth bayonet."

"Bayonet killed Furlong!"

Till screamed the words. He put up his arm as if to ward off a blow.

"Let me see it, please, sir?" Casey demanded.

"I will not!"

"Better think that over, sir."

"It wasn't my bayonet killed him! Why, my God! . . ."

"I'd like to see it, sir."

The captain subsided slowly. He sat down in a chair and drawing out a handkerchief, wiped the sweat from his face.

"Any particular reason you'd like to see mine?" he asked finally.

"Don't need to give my reasons, sir."

"I guess there's no reason you shouldn't see it," Till muttered. His poise returned in part. He reached for his musette bag. Casey watched him closely.

"It's gone!" Till whispered. He turned angrily. "How'd you know I had it? What's my bayonet got to do? . . . I say . . . are you accusing me?"

"No, sir." Casey's voice was emphatic, but Till seemed unconvinced. "We'll go back to the mess hall," continued the sergeant. "I ain't arresting you and I ain't accusing you."

Just inside the mess room door stood a frightened, dark faced soldier.

"Here's Private Novitski," the adjutant said.

Casey offered him a cigarette. "How long you been dog robbin' for the colonel?" he asked. He led him into the corridor.

"Two . . . four month." The man spoke with a heavy accent.

"Drove his car?"

"Alway."

"Where'd he go oftenest?"

"Lots of place. Le Mans. Vendome. Blois . . . in the Hotel de Chateau. Up north, Bagnolles of Orne."

"Where was he last night?"

"Le Mans. He has me leave him in the Place de République. There alway. He is the great joker. At twelve o'clock or one he come back. Sometime he has men, officers, along with him. Sometime happy. Sometime mad."

"Was he mad last night?"

"No. Very much not mad."

"He was quite a hand with femmes?"

"What's that?"

"Ladies."

"Oh hell, no, Sergeant. Never no ladies."

"Just men," Casey said. After a minute he asked: "Which direction did he walk in Le Mans after he left the car? Not only last night, but other nights?"

"Awav the same. Past the Cinema Pathé. Down the hill."

Casey absorbed the information slowly, puffing his cigarette.

"That's all," he said. Then: "Go wait in the kitchen."

As he returned to the mess hall, the adjutant held up a packet of cardboards.

"I have the signatures you asked for," he said in a low voice. "All the officers in the battalion on the new record cards, finger prints, description and signature."

Westfall's voice arose from the corridor. "Sergeant Casey?" he was calling.

Half a dozen officers followed the operator to the door of Till's room. Westfall, his straw hat jammed on the back of his head, held up a corner of Till's bedding roll gingerly with one hand, disclosing the wire spring of the cot. On the spring, at the end opposite the door, lay a long, jagged bayonet. Its point bore a deep brown stain.

Till cried out sharply and made as if to reach for the weapon. Westfall interposed his arm, and the adjutant, from behind, grasped the captain by his shoulder.

"Stand still there," the lieutenant bade. His voice, which he strove to make firm, broke and the command ended in a high, ridiculous note.

"Don't touch it, anybody," Westfall said. "Got to look for fingerprints."

Casey spread out his handkerchief and lifting the handle, held the blade to the light. When he finished his inspection, he said shortly:

"It's her."

Till pulled out of the adjutant's grasp. He faced Casey. "You don't accuse me of murder?"

"Sir, I ain't accusin' anybody. Nobody, sir. Only I don't want none of you to leave barracks."

There was no talk among them as they filed back to the mess hall. Till's face was greenish white. Herty breathed hard. Two other captains, not yet drawn into the crime, began to smoke violently and tried to play chess. Abel, the Y. M. C. A. man, had come in during their absence. He was reading a small book immediately under the light and did not arise. Four other lieutenants sat in stiff chairs along the wall and looked straight ahead. All pretended not to have heard the commotion in the corridor.

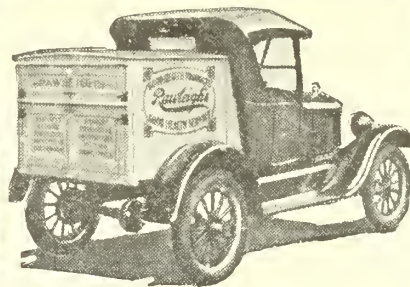
"I'll take those officers' cards," Casey said to the adjutant, "and one more thing, sir, if you'll come along?" He turned to Westfall. "Stay here, Corporal, till I get back."

"I'll take the bayonet, Casey," Westfall begged, "and those fingerprint cards."

Herty followed him into the darkness.

"It's the locker key I want, sir," Casey told him.

Men from the camp hospital were loading the body of Colonel Furlong into a mule-drawn ambulance as the pair approached his billet. The guards lounged uncomfortably in the rain. Casey hurried through the office, where Lieutenant Winkler still waited apprehensively, and turned on the (Continued on page 62)



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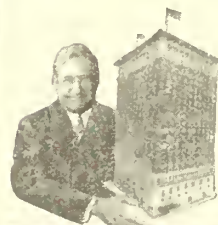


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The Affair of the Saw Tooth Bayonet

(Continued from page 61)

light in the colonel's quarters. The adjutant brought a key.

"Don't touch the locker no more'n you have to," Casey bade.

The key turned once, and Casey lifted the lid. In the tray he made out the customary array of officer's gear . . . an extra Sam Browne belt properly rolled, a pair of spurs, a silver mounted flask, two web belts, a black and gold campaign hat cord, buttons on a string, needles and thread, half a dozen packs of cards. Casey lifted the tray. Under it, carefully put away in a garrison cap, was a bundle of French bank notes, most of them in large denominations . . . fifty francs and upward.

Herty stared in astonishment. The sergeant pocketed the roll.

"It's a small handful to get killed over," he muttered, and slapped shut the lid. "Back to quarters, sir."

Westfall was waiting in the doorway. Captain Till, sitting alone in the corner, held his head in his hands. The others were staring at him sidewise, glancing now and again at the blood-stained bayonet on the table. They had added two and two.

"I found a fingerprint, and a thumb too, for good measure," Westfall began importantly. "Here, between the stain and the handle."

"Nothing on the handle?" Casey demanded. The others sat up, listening.

"Nothing. But this other's plain enough." The corporal looked hard at the adjutant. "It's your fingers, Lieutenant Herty," he added.

The Y. M. C. A. man turned abruptly and peered at Herty. There was a sound of quick breath from the wall where the lieutenants sat.

"Just a minute, all of you," the sergeant interposed. "Corporal, I'm going to telephone. See that nobody leaves."

No one spoke in his absence. Several men lighted cigarettes repeatedly, at once put them out. Till went twice to the water bucket and drank sparingly. The record cards lay in a heap on the table, the telltale knife beside them. Casey returned whistling in ten minutes.

"I've got some paper here for you to write your names on," he said, "name, rank, organization and home address. Want a memo of all witnesses. It'll save lots of questioning." He paused, regarding Abel. "You can write Y. M. C. A. in place of your rank and outfit."

He distributed the papers and watched while the officers did as he ordered. When they had finished he collected the papers, and nodding to Westfall, stepped to the door. He spoke quietly to the corporal and returned to the table. The younger operator had clamped his hat on his head and taken the bundle of addresses out into the night.

"I'd like to go over to headquarters, Sergeant," the adjutant said. His voice was shaky and he cleared his throat. "I've work to do."

"It'll have to wait, sir."

"Look here!" Herty became indignant. "If you don't . . ."

"Fingerprints are fingerprints," Casey reminded him. "Never put much stock in 'em myself, only . . ."

Herty relapsed into silence. Till scraped his feet nervously on the floor, causing a fat captain, who had not yet been interviewed, to glare at him reprovingly. A lieutenant asked hoarsely for cigarettes. Half a dozen men complied. Again and again each pair of eyes traveled uncertainly from Herty to Till and back again, and then focussed on the saw tooth bayonet. At last Westfall returned. He nodded to Casey.

"Don't match," he explained quietly. "Go wait for the gents that's coming," the sergeant directed enigmatically, and again Westfall disappeared.

"Look here," the adjutant stood up and wiped his white face. He had put on his glasses. "I'm not going to stand for this. You've got no right . . ."

"Sit down, sir," the operator bade courteously. "Be a lot more comfortable. I ain't got much rank, sir, but I got a card in my pocket that's full of authority. Besides, there's the fingerprints."

Till laughed. His voice cracked and he laughed again, hysterically.

"You've made monkeys of all of us, Sergeant," he began. He wavered, then plunged on recklessly. "If you've got proof about me, bring it out. If not, I'm leaving too!"

"No, you're not, sir! You're sitting tight!"

Voices sounded in the dark outside. The rain had ceased for the moment, and the room hung silent. Feet scraped on the steps. Corporal Westfall entered first. He was followed by two French civilians, one short and swarthy in watersoaked finery, the other a tall, colorless individual who was pulling his long mustache thoughtfully. He carried an umbrella.

"Hello, Inspector," Casey greeted him. There was a new note of affability in his voice. "Gentlemen, this is Inspector Laval of the French police. And this . . ." he paused abruptly and did not finish the sentence.

The group of officers peered inquisitively. The little fat man whom he had not introduced was lighting a cigarette and a large diamond sparkled on his hand as he pressed out the smudge of his briquet kindler. Till spoke first. He demanded: "Who the hell is that?"

Casey smiled. He spoke to Laval in an undertone, and the inspector in turn questioned the fat stranger, who looked around the faces intently. Finally he nodded and held up one finger.

Casey finished the introduction.

"This is M'sieur Painvere, him that runs the biggest gambling house in Le Mans. It's called the Club d'Or, and he's friendly with the police."

Abel stood up indignantly. "What's he got to do with this? You must be crazy, bringing a gambler in here! I object! A gambler! What's he want?"

"I sent for him," Casey answered quietly. He nodded to Westfall and the corporal shut the door and stepped toward the center of the room. "I sent for him to identify you, sir, as the murderer of Colonel Furlong."

No one spoke. Then Abel cried out. "Me?"

He stood up jerkily and reached backward toward a window sill. Westfall, leaping over Till's feet, caught him. They went down on the floor.

"Ere," Inspector Laval leaned over them, "ere is the what you say brass-lets!" From under his coat he dragged a pair of handcuffs on a long chain.

"It's easy," Casey explained. "I knowed right away it was a civilian done the job. A short, husky, left-handed guy that the colonel was pretty well acquainted with."

Till exclaimed hysterically. "Civilian!" he demanded. "How'd you guess all that?"

Casey bridled.

"Mine ain't a guessing business, sir. The colonel was hit from behind, on the left side. That means the man was left handed. I know it was from behind, else his hands would of been cut when he put 'em up. The left-handed man was short, 'cause he had to climb on a box to get in the window. Westfall found the box. Short. All right. But husky enough to put the blade through to Furlong's backbone."

"Civilian . . ." Till repeated.

"He left his footprints," Casey said. "I ain't so sweet on fingerprints. But footprints, they tell a lot, sirs. This guy stepped off on his right foot both times. Soldiers step off with the left foot, sirs. Show me any dumb john in for a month steppin' off on his right foot! It's agin nature!"

Abel rolled over on his face.

"You was working in that back bedroom all the time Captain Till was getting hell about A. W. O. L.," Casey accused. "Captain says how when he went out, the colonel just set looking at the back wall. Why'd he do that? He wasn't crazy, was he? Not as anybody heard! He was listening. He heard somebody snooping back there, so as soon's the captain closes the front door, the colonel ups and goes in to see what's happening."

"I didn't mean to hurt him!" Abel's voice was a whimper. He looked around for sympathy. "He came after me . . . I let him have it . . ."

"To keep him quiet!" Casey cried. "You'd have run, if he hadn't recognized you . . ."

"You merciless dog!" The adjutant drew back his arm. Casey checked him. "Careful, sir. He'll get enough jolt when the time comes. You see, he ain't a Y man no more'n I am, which ain't much. He's one of them professional crooks that got holt of a Y uniform. I called their area headquarters when I was out a bit ago and they never heard of him! I guessed it the slick way he worked! He knowed his tracks would be followed out in the mud, so he put on hobnails to make it look like an enlisted man got into the locker, then changed shoes when he got back. And wore gloves, so's his

fingerprints don't show. Glove marks on the locker and Lieutenant Herty's long's room is that he's readin' up on very well. Sure, the lieutenant touched the bayonet, but it was long before the killing. This Y guy didn't leave any prints on anything. All he left was the money!"

"Money?" It was half a dozen officers.

Casey took the roll from his pocket.

"Money was all he wanted. It played hob, having to kill the colonel. And there he had the bayonet. What'd he do? He runs back toot sweet past Captain Till's south window. Opens it and leans down and lifts the bed roll and puts the blade under it."

Till arose weakly and looked down at Abel.

"Soon's he's rid of the bayonet, he strolls in the back door of these quarters," Casey went on, "changed his hobnails for Munsions and pops out the front. Pulls a God bless you on the sentry and finds the body himself!" He turned on the fat Frenchman. "This is him, all right?"

The owner of the gambling house nodded.

"One of the first things I notice in Furlong's room is that he's readin' up on Hoyle's Games," Casey explained. "Next thing, this lieutenant tells how he's always borrowing money and paying it back in the morning. I put two and two together and they don't make either three or five."

Herty spoke slowly. "He was playing cards."

"Goes to Hotel de Chateau in Blois pretty often, Novitski says, and to Bag-nolles of the Orne. They both got kind of a reputation for high stakes. There's the money . . . eighteen thousand francs . . . in the foot locker. Novitski says further how the colonel often went down past the Cinema theatre in Le Mans. Did last night and come home happy. There's only one house in town that would let a man get away with that big a roll, and it's down past the Cinema. Over to the Dauphin the officers shoot craps for a franc. Officers ain't spenders like enlisted men. But at the Club d'Or, stakes is high and it's officers only. Somebody saw the colonel get money there last night. It wasn't Till. He was in Paris. It was this short, husky, left-handed civilian."

He bent over Abel.

"I'm not left-handed," Abel flared. "You saw me write with my right hand tonight! You've no proof . . ."

"Saw you write with your right hand, yes, sir. But I sent the corporal over to the Y hut to compare the writing with what you did on duty. It ain't the same. You write different with different hands. So I just got m'sieur to come out to see who was hanging 'round his place last night watchin' Colonel Furlong win. He says you was."

He yanked Abel to his feet.

"Goin' to Brest in the morning? Brother. Brest ain't nawthing to where you're goin'!"

Inspector Laval bowed as the police took away their prisoner. Westfall tipped his hat. Only Sergeant Casey saluted punctiliously in the doorway.

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A Personal View

(Continued from page 37)

in a land battle. Not until the French fleet protected the landing of a French army under Rochambeau to co-operate with Washington was independence won.

After the Revolution we were certain we were never going to have another war. But we were soon battling Tripolitan pirates and bringing "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!" into being, and then scarcely a dozen years later we were again at war with England. Mexico's lack of a navy helped us win that war, and a blockade of Southern ports which finally became effective turned the tide in favor of the North in the Civil War.

After the Civil War, as we laid lines of steel across the continent and inaugurated the industrial age, eternal peace seemed secure. Our old wooden navy, relic of the Civil War, was the laughing stock of the steel navies of other nations. In President Cleveland's Democratic administration in the eighties we started a modern navy, not so much that we thought we should ever need it for war as a matter of national pride. When we awoke to find that we were at war with Spain, our new navy was strong enough to overcome the Spanish navy and to clear the seas for our expeditions to Cuba and the Philippines. At the outset some of the well-to-do people of our coast towns had been so worried that they took their valuables inland lest the Spanish might get them. The advantage of a navy—as a gob might mention to the doughboy—is that it keeps enemy troops from landing on your shores and protects your troops in landing on their shores.

Cuba freed, the Caribbean under our eye, why should we worry we should ever be drawn into another war when our wealth and population had become so great? But President Theodore Roosevelt in a Republican administration—there is no partisanship in this business—would keep on making our navy stronger.

It was the third largest in the world when the biggest war in all history started in Europe. Our navy between us and the war gave us a comfortable feeling.

That war kept right on, and in the summer of 1916 we appropriated heavily for naval increase. No American would have believed it five years previously, but in 1917 we were drawn into this European war to an extent that requires no comment to the reader. At the end of it we were on the way to have the biggest navy in the world. And that takes us to the Washington Arms Conference and beyond.

Maybe we do not need a navy any larger than Italy's, for example. Maybe we shall never have another war. We only know that if we had not had a strong navy in 1917 we might have a far more numerous band of Gold Star mothers in this nation which would not be so rich that it could afford to send them abroad. When we need a navy we need it in a hurry; and it takes nearly three years to build a cruiser even when skilled labor, draftsmen and constructors are available.

To build up to the Treaty ratio will cost us a billion dollars in the next six years. It is a lot of money. We may feel that we cannot afford it, although Britain and Japan can or feel that they must. What we do not want is to be fed promises and blueprints instead of actual building. We do not want to be diddled along with wish legislation which authorizes ships when no money is appropriated to build them.

Other nations have not come around to our views of reduction. The problem has ceased to be one of diplomacy. It is a matter of national counsel facing the facts. Congress may have enacted a program before this is read; but, in any event, the men who were in the late war, if they do believe there may be another, have a distinct responsibility in making their views known.

Real Family Trees

(Continued from page 21)

kind seen by these Indians. The other two totems taken to Ketchikan tell Indian versions of Biblical events. One represents the story of Jonah and the whale. The other is a native view of Daniel and the lions, although apparently the only lions known to the Indians who did the carving were sea lions—and it is the latter sort of animal that is represented on the totem.

These examples of native art often-times excite wonder such as nothing else in Alaska can. One of the most intriguing of all has been seen by few white men. It evidently tells the story of the "great father" of the nation. The carving is almost an absolute likeness of Abraham Lincoln, although some Indians contend that it is supposed to represent Wil-

liam H. Seward, who as secretary of state engineered the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867. Students believe that it was from Seward that the natives obtained the story of Lincoln, and that the latter is really the one represented. Unfortunately, the owner of this totem still insists upon keeping it in the deserted village on Tongass Island. Those who arranged to obtain the other poles, though, hope that before long this owner will agree to the removal of the totem to Ketchikan, where he may still retain its ownership.

It is difficult to say the exact age of these totem poles, but the state of erosion and the word of the natives owning them indicate that many of them are at least a hundred years old.

Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 27)

read the signs. "Porte de Lilas," they said, "La Villette Marche."

Hours of waiting. Then they got on the train and went clattering away through the night. It was a leave train, Rupert decided, for they made no stops, except brief ones to allow other trains to pass. The cars ahead were full of French soldiers, but Rupert could only catch short glimpses of them under the light of a station platform, or at the halts, as the flare of *briquet* would light up some bearded face.

Chapter XI

SOMEWHERE in Belgium. In the freezing dawn the detachment had detrained and dragged their weary feet along the cobble stones and waited all day long while Plug hunted for someone to accept his men. He was unsuccessful, but at nightfall he found an officer of the M. P.'s, as cauliflower-eared and as broken of nose as himself. This officer had charge of a straggler company, builders of roads and gatherers of honey, which company was going up into the country of the jaw-breaker names, and would gladly welcome Plug and also his charges. Night had brought them to this grove and there they had slept full pack, overcoat, slicker, and shoes, four together, as the stragglers had shown them, four together on the four shelter halves, with the eight blankets over them. This system, Rupert had found, was not a success unless one slept in the middle.

Rapidly the roll was called and, separated into four parts, the detachment was marched out of town. The straggler company, already grouped about its kitchen for the noon-day meal, watched them apathetically.

Beyond the village they seemed to pass into new and strange country. There were raw brown spots in the green of the fields that no one needed to be told were shell holes.

At three o'clock, their feet sore, their stomachs empty, and their shoulders nearly cut off with the dragging of their packs, the company of fifty men or so, of which Rupert and his three companions formed part, came into a town, the name of which they could read. It was "Beke," painted in black letters on a white background on a wall of the first house. The upper part of this house had been destroyed, as had the church tower in the town, the debris of which had fallen down and blocked up the door.

"Comp'neee, halt!" commanded the guide.

They halted and at once fell down with a crashing of equipment. The guide went off, hunting in cellars, calling in houses, and finally returned with an officer.

"How many are ours?" demanded the officer.

"It's on the order, sir," said the guide. "Those guys' names. The first ten."

"These men fall out!" ordered the officer, and read off the ten names, includ-

ing that of Rupert, Deacon, Matty, and Blink.

"Take the rest of 'em over to the P. C.," directed the officer, and the guide led the others away. "You ten, come with me. This is the second platoon of L company. You belong to it from now on if anyone asks you."

"Don't any of you go away. All right. Feed 'em, Sergeant."

Each man stepped forward, tugged forth his canteen, then having secured the cup that lay under it, he unslung pack and belt, and got his messkit from his haversack.

"This here is hospitality!" remarked Blink to Rupert. "This is the kind o' treatment a guy gets in my outfit!"

"You ever been up the lines before?" asked one of the ten vehemently.

"No," said Blink, "but I been with this outfit since they was on the Border. I was left in hospital—"

"You ain't been up the lines!" went on the other. "I thought not! Well, I have! See them?" He displayed two wound stripes. "I never knew it to fail! When they get feedin' a man too well, it means trouble! Fattenin' for the slaughter, that's what it means!"

A sergeant appeared suddenly, banging the great door into the court behind him.

"Where's these replacements?" he cried. "Line up 'til I have a look at ye!"

The ten formed into a line, still eating.

"Ye know how to load a rifle?" demanded the sergeant of the first.

"Yup."

"Put down your messkit an' lemme see ye do it."

The soldier complied, going through the motions only, for he had no ammunition.

"You!" said the sergeant to Blink. "fix your bayonet! Now give us a pass or two of the bayonet manual. Now! Lunge! Thrust! Short jab! Butt strike!"

"Gwan," said Blink, "I don't know anything about bayonets. We're artillerymen."

"Well, ye dam' well want to learn, me bucko!" said the sergeant.

"Nah," said Blink. "What for? We're only here for the meal. We're goin' up to our own outfit tomorrow."

"Well," replied the sergeant calmly, "twill do ye small harm to learn something whilst ye're with a real outfit!"

He stepped in front of Rupert. "You! How long has it been since they caught you?"

Rupert made no reply. He was drinking coffee at the moment, and over the edge of his cup he looked at this sergeant. He knew him. It was MacFee. MacFee of Plattsburg days. A little thinner, a little redder of face, but still the same man. Rupert kept the cup in front of his face. Would MacFee recognize him?

"Put down the mug an' answer me!" said the sergeant.

"Three months!" replied Rupert, lowering the cup. (Continued on page 66)

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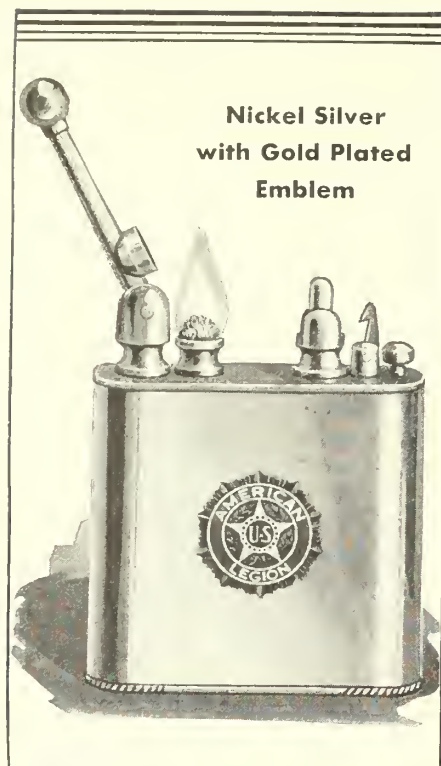
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AGE 18 TO 55

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(Continued from page 65)



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The sergeant gave not the slightest sign of recognition.

"Three months! Huh!" he grunted, and went on to the next one.

"Oh, Sergeant MacFee!" called a man. Yes, thought Rupert, it was MacFee, no doubt of that! What were the chances of being recognized? None. He and MacFee had been in the same company at Plattsburg for a month. When the companies had been broken up, they had separated. Was it possible that MacFee would remember him? Would he, seeing MacFee in a lot of replacements, have recognized him? Probably not.

"That'll be all, you birds," said MacFee to the ten. "But stick around. We're movin' away from here at dark. Not one of ye's to leave the yard! Compree?"

Shortly after that sleepy looking men began to show their faces at the upper windows about the court, then one by one they descended and washed in the horse trough in the corner. Some set up small squares of polished steel that went by the name of trench mirrors, and began to shave. Voices called in the interior of the building. More men appeared, mess kits rattled, songs could be heard. The marmites were dragged out of the stove and set down on the pavement, the serving table was set up, a mess line formed.

"Come and get it!" roared the mess sergeant suddenly. "Step up, chowhounds, we're eatin' early tonight! Gotta be outta here!"

The ten newcomers joined the mess line, and receiving their supper, hot slum, potatoes, bread, coffee, canned apricots, retired to find a convenient place to set their messkits.

Rupert was with them, but all the time he watched MacFee from the corner of his eye, and he found, to his horror, that the sergeant was several times staring at him as if trying to recollect his face.

Then suddenly, as he was rolling a cigarette and enjoying the comforting feeling of a stomach distended by two meals eaten at the same time, MacFee stood at his elbow.

"The devil is in it," said the sergeant, "but I've seen you somewhere. What's your name?"

"Blaney!" replied Rupert.

"Umm. What's your serial number?"

Rupert gasped. His serial number! He did not know what it was.

"I don't know," he replied.

"Let me see your dog tag!" said MacFee softly, his eyes boring into Rupert's.

His dog tag! Rupert could not repress a start. He must have changed color even, for his identification tag had on it, "Rupert Livingston. Captain, Cavalry."

"I haven't any!" he said firmly. And he replied to MacFee's look with one just as direct.

"Ye haven't?" barked MacFee. "Well, if that ain't the John of it! Well, my laddy buck, ye better be after gettin' one, if it's no more than yer name on a piece o' paper. Ye're likely to be needin' it before the morn's mornin'!"

Something else attracted MacFee's gaze, and he went away running, calling across the court to somebody about drawing another stretcher.

A half hour later, though, the platoon fell in and the ten with it. The young officer that had brought the replacements into the courtyard the first time appeared, and he and MacFee inspected the platoon together. Neither one paid the slightest attention to Rupert. There was a sharp command, a crash of gun butts, another command, and the platoon was off, thundering out of the courtyard with a crash of hobnails, pounding under the archway, swinging away down the street to join the rest of the company, and then away again at route step, rifles slung, along the road where the cobbles gleamed white beneath the stars.

Up hill, down hill, around sharp narrow turns, through echoing streets where the shuttered windows watched them coldly by, across fields where a bitter wind cut them to the bone. It rained, and the dust on the roads became mud.

The Americans could hear guns now, the sullen growl of some big "heavy" far behind, or the sharp bark of the seventy-fives ahead. Into another town they went, tired now, their feet dragging, their packs cutting their arms, their shoulders aching from the drag of the rifle.

A man appeared in front of Rupert, his arms laden with some mysterious object. Another appeared out of the black behind the first. What was that they were carrying? A coffin! Rupert started to his feet.

"Ammunition!" said a voice. "Take three. Three bandoliers. Here yuh are. Anyone else there? Next man!"

It was not a coffin, but a box of bandoliers. Rupert took three and hung them on. A few minutes later he was given three more, and told to fill his belt.

Then the company was assembled, the men moaning with the pain of their stiffened limbs, and the march began again. Not far this time, just to the edge of the town. Here, in the shelter of a cemetery wall, the church beyond, and the white headstones gleaming in the light of flares, the platoon was halted, and told to lie down.

"Two hours!" was whispered from man to man.

The rest of the company moved on and Rupert's platoon was left there, rustling in the fallen leaves, clanking bayonet-tip and rifle against the headstones, scraping their helmets against the wall.

Two hours. And after that? Rupert laughed a little hysterically. All his months of training and preparation, the expense of four years at a military college, the trouble that the army had been put to in bringing him overseas and caring for him the months he had been in France, the money that he himself had spent on uniforms, on boots, on all the things that an officer must have, and that the government expects him to buy himself. All these things had come to this one end,

that he was going into battle a buck private of infantry, armed with a rifle that was much too big, and of whose interior workings he had not the slightest knowledge.

The rain continued to fall and Rupert, turning, felt the icy hand of mud closing upon his thigh. He turned back again and pulled his slicker under him. There was the sound of slogging footsteps, and the rustling of a slicker against the low brush.

"Hey, Blaney!" whispered a husky voice.

"Here!" said Rupert, "what do you want?"

"It's me, it's Blink, where the hell yuh been? We're all down by the road, me an' Matty an' Deacon."

"I must have got separated in the town at the last halt," said Rupert. "Do you suppose I could move down there without getting a bawling out?"

"Sure, come ahead! Who'll see yuh? It's dark as a coal-pocket in here."

"Who the hell's that talking?" demanded a bulking shape. "It's them. Where yuh been? Who give yuh permission to go moochin' off like that? Stick around. Judge Duffy's still workin', don't forget it! Now, listen, you four Johns! These fellers with yuh here is a auto rifleman, an' two guys with rifle grenades, also a man to carry ammunition. You eight guys stick together. You're a combat group, compree? We're goin' out across a field, an' on the other side of it's a river. Make for the river bank. Remember, the safest place is the river bank. Now! Got that in your noodle? Now about goin' off. Two blasts is the preparatory signal. One long blast, off we go. Guide on the center platoon, that's 'guide left' for us."

The black shape disappeared.
"Who the hell's that?" demanded Blink.

"That's Corporal Lamb. He's actin' sergeant. Gittin' heavy in his old age!" replied someone.

"Ah," said Blink, "an' what's this Mac-Fee?"

"I guess he's actin' shavetail," laughed someone. "We're short o' officers. The skipper an' the first looey's still on leave an' the other looey got bumped off over round Chewinum. We got pulled outta rest billets on a half hour's notice!"

"Gwan—"

Two blasts of a whistle, repeated twice. Silence fell instantly, and Rupert could hear rain falling on the leaves and rattling on his steel helmet. Wouldn't there be a barrage? He could hear no barrage, only the rain, and the moaning blast of company commanders' whistles dying out in the distance.

"Get up," suggested someone, "an' stamp the cold out of your legs. An' don't throw away your pack the minute firin' starts. You may need it tonight."

More silence, while Rupert felt the blood roar in his ears. It was still dark. How could the men see their way?

One sharp blast, instantly repeated, like a flock of sea-birds piping.

"Up on your feet!" shouted someone. "On your way, men, stand up, goddam it, and get going!"

Rupert could hear the company heave to its feet like a herd of cattle, then he began, as does a man in a dream, to walk forward.

"Take hold o' the guy in front," suggested the unknown speaker again, "an' then you won't get lost."

They went forward, passed the cemetery, crossed a paved road, and thudded down a bank on the far side. Rupert felt the dawn wind blowing on his face and he saw, overhead, the barest suggestion of greyness in the black sky. He could see nothing in front, but he could smell the pungent odor of burning high explosive, and as they advanced, he could see wreaths of smoke curling, through which the men walked as through fog. But he could hear no sound of machine guns, no crash of shells, no thunder of barrage.

"Is this supposed to be over the top?" he asked the man in front of him.

The words were lost on his lips. He spoke, but could not hear what he said. "Is this going over?" he shouted, but it was like a man in a dream who would cry out, yet could make no sound.

Then he realized that the throbbing in his ears was not his blood, but guns. That sound beat upon him, smothered him, rolled over his head like deep water. Ah, this was battle! He was in it! He sniffed the powder smoke like a hound. There might be gas in that smoke! But he would not put on his mask. It was black enough as it was.

They plunged suddenly into water. Was this the river? No, for the water was only ankle deep. It was, however, bitter cold, and Rupert could feel its icy runlets pouring in through the tops of his shoes, soaking in through stitch and sole. Beneath the water, the men's feet sank into the mud, sticky, glue-like stuff that held them fast, and that made each step an effort.

They floundered over hummocks, they slipped, they splashed the water all up their legs. Flares burst over them now, gleaming through the smoke, dazzling them like the lights of an oncoming auto, then going out suddenly, and leaving them in deepest blackness, ten times darker than before.

Rupert could not tell if they were under fire. He heard shouts, and the sound of men floundering in the water. Shouts? How was that, when a short time before he had not been able to hear himself speak? The noise had quieted a great deal. He could hear now, men talking about him. Not much, only a terse order or two. "Close up! Keep closed up!" or "Watch out with that rifle! Keep the muzzle out of the water! What the hell's the matter with you?"

The water grew deeper now; it was over the men's knees.

Daylight was coming rapidly. Rupert could see the white smoke curling, he could distinguish the squads on the right and left, and beyond them more shadowy figures, stretching out into the semi-darkness in a long, thin line. Far, far overhead the sky began to turn to pink. It would be a pleasant day. The sun would dry their wet clothing. But where was the enemy?

(To be continued)



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Name _____

THE MESSAGE CENTER

AN AUSTRIAN immigrant boy reached America just in time to get into the Civil War, served his adopted country with credit, and was discharged into a world wherein two million men like him were clamoring for a livelihood. Most of them, however, had the advantage of being able to clamor in English. Joseph Pulitzer was left with abundant time in which to reflect (in German) on the ingratitude of republics. He knew, however, that in this up-and-coming new country personal appearance counted for a lot—besides, he had an innate appreciation of neatness. And so every day, before setting out on his fruitless quest for work, he went into French's Hotel (he had drifted back to New York as the best place to stage a job hunt) and had a tailor-made shine—until the hotel management, dismayed by the seedy coat and trousers above the glistening shoes, requested him to satisfy his passion for neatness somewhere else. Not many years thereafter Joseph Pulitzer bought French's Hotel, had it torn down, and erected in its stead a home for his newspaper, the *New York World*.

JOSEPH PULITZER died in 1911 and left a fortune, a portion of which was set aside as a permanent fund the income from which was to be awarded annually for various specific achievements in the fields of journalism and literature. One of these awards, for \$1000, is for the best American biography of the year portraying "patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example, excluding, as too obvious, the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln." The biography prize for 1929 has been awarded to Marquis James of The American Legion Monthly staff for his "The Raven: The Biography of Sam Houston," one chapter of which appeared in the September, 1929, issue of the Monthly under the title "San Jacinto Corn."

ANNOUNCEMENT of the Pulitzer awards was made throughout America on May 13th, and Joseph Pulitzer's own paper, the *New York World*, published on that day the following biographical notice of Mr. James: "The Cherokee Strip of Oklahoma Territory provided the setting for the boyhood and youth of Marquis James. That part of Oklahoma is rich in traditions of Sam Houston. A son of Sam Houston, Temple Houston, was the Cherokee Strip's most picturesque lawyer and a great friend of Marquis James's father. As a boy, Mr. James heard from Temple Houston brave stories of the Alamo and Sam Houston's adventures. Though Mr. James was born in Springfield, Missouri, on August 29, 1891, he was reared in Enid, Oklahoma, and attended Phillips University there. Advised to become a lawyer, he began instead a newspaper career when he was twelve years old as an apprentice on the

Enid *Weekly Events*. He was National director of publicity for The American Legion from 1919 to 1922, and has been a member of the staff of The American Legion Monthly since its inception, which place he now holds. During the war he was a first lieutenant and later a captain. Mr. James is at present at work on a biography of Andrew Jackson. He is married to Bessie Rowland, former New Orleans newspaper woman. They have one daughter and live at Pleasantville, New York."

ANOTHER Legionnaire and contributor to the Monthly is among this year's Pulitzer Prize winners. He is Leland Stowe of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who wins the award of \$500 "for the best example of correspondence during the year, the test being clearness and terseness of style, judicious, well-balanced and well-informed interpretative writing, which shall make clear the significance of the subject covered in the correspondence or which shall promote international understanding and appreciation." Mr. Stowe's "The Legion of the Missing" was published in the Monthly for June, 1929.

DURING the World War Edward N. Hurley had a double-barreled job, and the barrels fired together. He was chairman of the United States Shipping Board and president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Mr. Hurley was born and raised several hundred miles from the nearest salt water, but pretty close to deep water—he is a native of Galesburg, Illinois, and a resident of Wheaton and Chicago. He is now chairman of the board of the Hurley Machine Company and a director of various banks, railways and manufacturing corporations. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal "for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services in connection with the shipment of troops and supplies." Mr. Hurley is the author of "The Awakening of Business," "The New Merchant Marine," and "The Bridge to France."

FRANK MILES is editor of the *Iowa Legionnaire*. Behind that simple statement is a record of distinguished Legion service which may be read in detail in "The American Legion in Iowa, 1919-1929," by Jacob Armstrong Swisher, published last year by the State Historical Society of Iowa—and if every State will produce as adequate, comprehensive and painstaking a summary as Mr. Swisher has done, the Legion will leave a documented record unique in the history of veterans' organizations. . . . Richard Washburn Child's final article in his series on modern propaganda will appear in the August issue under the title, "Canned Causes." Karl W. Detzer is a native Hoosier now resident in Michigan.

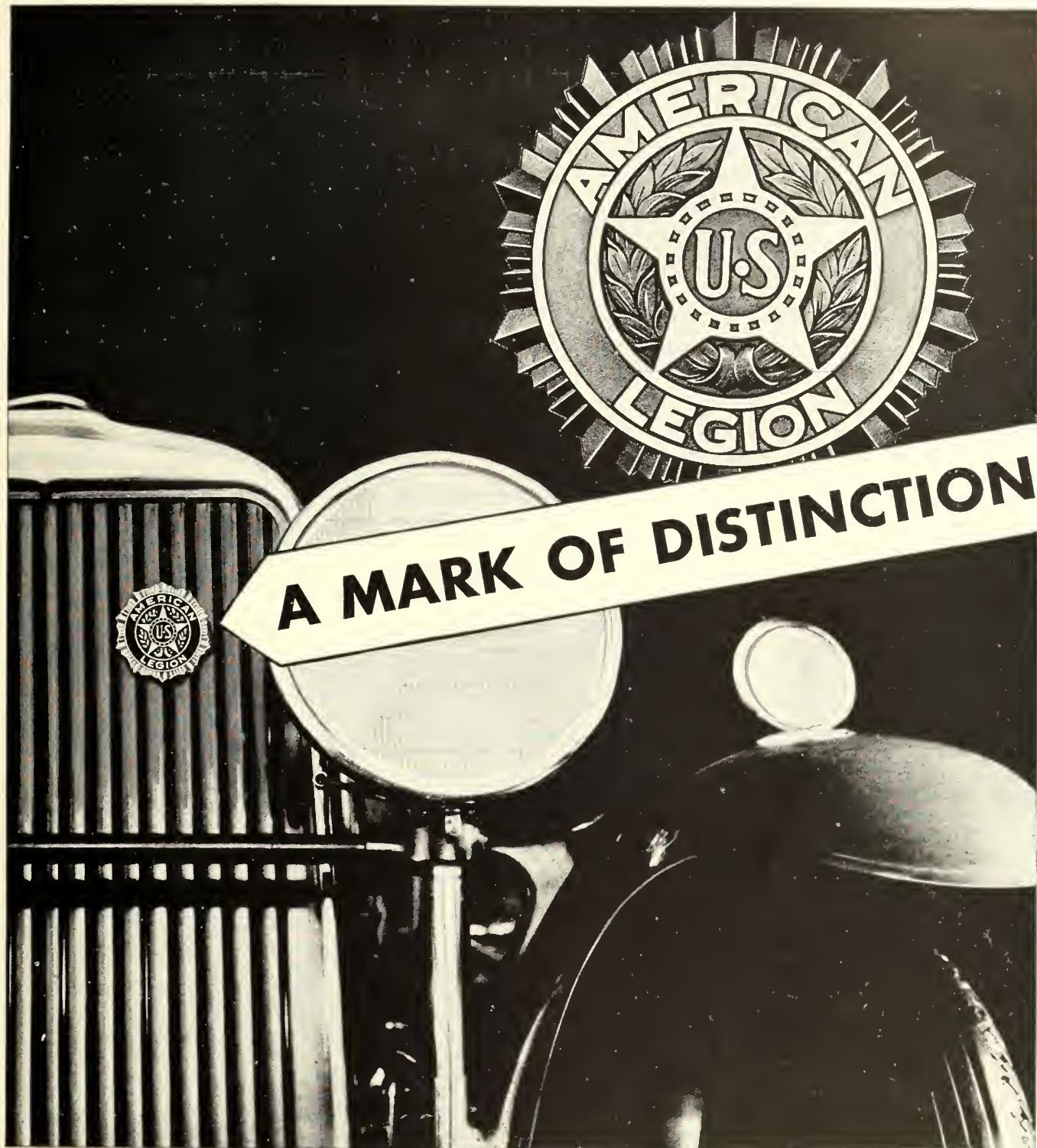
WHAT does it feel like to win a prize in the Big Moment contest? Let Mrs. W. L. Murrow of Toccoa, Georgia, tell: "Yesterday I was out in the front yard re-potting my wormy old fern. Came the postman. I took the two long advertisement-looking letters from him and asked in deep regret, 'Is that the best that you can do?' Then I opened The American Legion envelope. Squealed I mightily at the sight of the ten-dollar check! In a friendly, small-town way I dashed after the postman. 'Mr. Simpson, I apologize!' I cried in high hysteria. 'It was a good letter. I won a prize for having a bigger and better moment than dozens of others!' Then I came back and finished re-potting my fern. Not until today did I notice that I planted it with the roots upward."

TWO more months and the Big Moments contest will be history. The deadline for the final contributions, which will be the basis of the awards for the September instalment, was June 20th. And when we say history, we mean history. A glance through a batch of Big Moments, to this admittedly prejudiced mind, gives a better, more accurate, and more interesting picture of how the war was carried on than any solid compendium of dates, names and statistics has ever done or can ever hope to do. If Julius Caesar's Roman legionaries had sent their best stories to a Big Moment contest there would be a lot more interest in and knowledge of the activities of the first great invasion of France by a foreign army. Possibly the big chief wanted to run the whole show. At any rate he wrote a book about it, and no one of lesser rank seems to have let out a peep.

THE Monthly is indebted to Major General P. C. Harris, U. S. A., Retired, chairman of the Legion's National Committee on Education of World War Orphans, for much of the material embodied in the editorial, "Twelve Thousand Who Rate an Education," which appears in this issue. General Harris's efforts as committee chairman illustrate the never-ending character of some of the tasks which must be performed by The American Legion or they will be performed by nobody. General Harris is a native of Georgia and was graduated from the United States Military Academy with the class of 1888. He served in Cuba and in the Philippines, and during the World War was adjutant general of the Army—America's ranking company clerk. Fate ordained that he should hold a desk job in '17 and '18, but twenty years earlier he won a promotion for gallantry in battle at Santiago.

The Editor

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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